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Comment Of The Day

THE CLIMAX

TODAY President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev are meeting together secretly for the first time at Camp David. People are looking upon it with hope for from these talks could stem the decision to bring the cold war to a gradual end. Or it could mean a perpetuation of the tension and the start of a progressive decline in relations. Despite the mixed reception Khrushchev has had during his tour of America, there are high hopes that today's meeting will end harmoniously. This does not mean that major world problems will be magically solved, but that the Big Two will agree not to allow their differences of opinion to stir animosities and maintain hostile divisions. And this is about as much as anyone can hope for in the first stage of a rapprochement.

Among specific subjects to be discussed, the Khrushchev disarmament proposals will take an important place. They may seem remote, far-fetched and even unwise at the moment but nothing less than ultimate total disarmament will do if the great powers are going to live in trust and peace with one another.

There will always be international problems between East and West. One of the most serious causes of misunderstanding in the ambiguous and conflicting statements which both sides make. Russia for example has a Communist Party central committee which promises to communise the world by force if necessary. Mr. Khrushchev would have us believe this is not so.

And while American politicians talk hopefully of peace there are always generals and admirals who can boast of the speed with which Moscow can be hydrogen-bombed. A good beginning would be for both countries to permit only a few top people to make international policy statements. The rest should be gagged. A decision on these lines by the Big Two would be a welcome achievement.

A HELICOPTER FLIES THEM IN TO SECRET MOUNTAIN-TOP RETREAT IKE AND K AT CAMP DAVID

Big Two Talks On Cold War Issues Begin

Camp David, Sept. 25.
President Eisenhower and Nikita S. Khrushchev launched a momentous experiment in personal diplomacy tonight in hopes of solving crucial East-West issues which have defied conventional approaches.

The President and the Soviet Premier opened their extraordinary man-to-man talks almost immediately after arriving at Mr. Eisenhower's heavily-guarded mountain lodge by helicopter from Washington. They will remain until Sunday trying to find some common ground of understanding.

Gottysburg, Sept. 25.
President Eisenhower and Mr. Nikita Khrushchev opened their momentous talks tonight with a general review of the world situation immediately after their arrival at Camp David. Sitting in the sun porch of the President's wooden cottage atop a mountain, the two leaders and their Foreign Ministers held a wide-ranging, general discussion. Mr. Khrushchev, the White House spokesman, told reporters at a press conference. Mr. Andrew Berding, the Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs at the State Department declared: "They (the President and Mr. Khrushchev) do not intend to negotiate except on matters of purely bilateral interest."—Reuter.

Mr. Khrushchev went into the conference declaring that his spectacular U.S. tour had helped ease East-West tensions "to a certain extent." He said he was hopeful of success. The President has said he too hoped to "thaw some ice." Scene of the summit meeting was Camp David's Aspen Lodge, a rustic cottage perched on top of Maryland's picturesque Catoctin Mountains. The President and Mr. Khrushchev flew to Camp David in the

same helicopter. Leaving from the White House lawn and arriving about 45 minutes later at the mountain top, some 90 miles north of the capital.

With them were two interpreters.

A second helicopter bore the Secretary of State, Mr. Christian A. Herter, U.N. Ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge, the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Andrei A. Gromyko and Mr. A. A. Soldatov, the Soviet Ministry's top expert on U.S. affairs.

Share Cottage

Sharing the same cottage, the President and Mr. Khrushchev will call in their aides for consultations, and to join in the meetings throughout the week-end.

Dinner was being prepared as the distinguished party arrived.

Armed Marine sentries, some with police dogs, and American and Soviet secret service agents guarded every foot of the road from the camp entrance to the presidential cottage. Others patrolled along a wide area around the cottage itself.

Former President, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, used the retreat for secret conferences in World War II. He called it "Shangri-La." The last time President Eisenhower used it was for talks with Mr. Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, last March. A seven-foot, chain-link fence, topped with barbed wire, protects the area. "No thoroughfare" signs appeared on the roads around.—UPI & Reuter.

HUME TELLS 'WHY I ROBBED ZURICH BANK'

Winterthur, Sept. 25.
Donald Brian Hume today told the court here trying him for murder that he robbed a Zurich bank because he did not want his conscience to "brand him as a coward."

He knew in advance he was going to fail, he said—"but I did it anyway." The judge's questioning of Hume concluded before lunch.

Subdued

Hume, serious and subdued on the second day of his trial after yesterday's boisterous start, said this morning "I accept the case for the prosecution and I am not going to dispute it in any way."

He admitted steering all night in the English church at Zurich, eating the Communion bread and drinking the wine. He took from the church the cardboard box in which he afterwards carried his pistol.

Asked why he felt it necessary to go to the church, he said "it's very difficult to say what is going on inside someone at such moments. Maybe it was the influence of 'Trudi Sommer' (his fiancée)."

Apple In Two

Hume at first said he did not find his pistol from the cardboard box but pointed it and said "hands up."

He said he could easily have shot two bank clerks "if I went there to start blasting and shooting... they know I am a very good shot with a pistol and shot apples in two at 25 yards."

Later, when the President asked "is it right that you put the cardboard box on the counter and shot through it?" he replied "yes."

To another question, Hume said "afterwards, it's easy to realise that the man could have been killed, but at the moment I just shot without thinking."

The Court President, Dr. Hans Gut, said "you have already told us that the manager of the Bank was badly injured. So you had taken into account the possibility of killing."

Hume replied "yes, but regarding the English bank manager, I must say that he jumped on me and threw me to the floor. He was the one who attacked me. I think he got what he was out for. I didn't have the pistol just for shooting around but just for necessity."

Hume, Swabian-born ex-convict, is being tried on five counts—murder, attempted murder, threats to life, armed robbery and violation of aliens regulations.

Hume has agreed that money he is to receive from a film company should be paid to all the people who suffered through the alleged Swiss bank raid, the Defence lawyer, Dr. Dieter von Rechenberg, told reporters today.—China Mail Special.

16 Dead In Plane Crash

Anchorage, Sept. 25.
Sixteen persons were believed dead today in the wreckage of a DC-4 commercial airliner which smashed into a peak on Great Sitkin Island in the Aleutians last night.

Search planes which flew over the burning wreckage at the 2,000-foot level of a small peak reported seeing no sign of life. The plane left here last night and crashed as it was beginning its approach to Adak Island, 24 miles southwest of Great Sitkin.

A navy plane sighted the wreckage and reported a fire was burning nearby. There was no news of the fate of the 16 aboard.—UPI.

Ambushed

Vientiane, Sept. 25.
Communist Pathet Laos guerrillas ambushed government troops east of Vientiane city on Thursday in one of the heaviest clashes in Vientiane Province so far, an army source reported today.

The source said the government suffered a number of casualties in the engagement, the details of which are lacking so far.—UPI.

Bandaranaike Gravely Ill: Operated On

Colombo, Sept. 25.
Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike, Socialist Prime Minister of Ceylon, had a five-hour operation today after a man in Buddhist monk's robes had fired four bullets into his body. A hospital bulletin issued after the operation said the Premier had improved very slightly but that he was still gravely ill.

According to hospital sources the Prime Minister's spleen was removed and his liver and

intestines were patched in the operation.

Later it was announced that Mr. Bandaranaike regained consciousness and joked with his doctors.

Bandaranaike laughed feebly and said: "We politicians are a tough lot."

Outside his hospital which is heavily guarded by police and barred to visitors, crowds of anxious people maintained a night-long vigil.

STATEMENT MADE

The Prime Minister's assailant, who has also been operated on, made a statement to the police, which was reportedly incoherent. The statement has not helped police to establish a motive for his attempt on the Premier's life. Meanwhile messages of sympathy are pouring in from all over the world.

President Tito, Mr. Nehru and Mr. Macmillan have all sent telegrams.—All Agencies.

'Violent Uprising' Against Chinese Troops In Tibet

Kalimpong, Sept. 25.
Tibetan guerilla fighters have attacked Chinese occupation troops in a new multi-front campaign, reports reaching here said today.

"A most violent uprising" had taken place in western Tibet where rebel Khampa tribesmen were most active, according to the reports.

Earlier accounts supplied by travellers returning to the Indian frontier from Tibet said fighting also had broken out on the holy city of Lhasa for the first time since the raging battle that marked the Dalai Lama's flight to Mussoorie, India, last March 17.

NEW PEAK

The Khampas' desperate campaign of resistance to Chinese repression was said to be reaching a new peak, with one Calcutta correspondent reporting "many Communist soldiers were killed."

Sources both here and in nearby Darjeeling said the Chinese were digging trenches and building underground fortifications along Tibet's border with the Indian state of Uttar Pradesh.

It was not clear whether the action was designed as a defence against guerilla attacks or to cut off Tibetans hoping to flee to India, or whether it was connected with China's current border dispute with India.—UPI.

HK Products Are Cheaper And Better

Singapore, Sept. 25.
Because of severe competition at home and overseas, Hongkong manufacturers were forced to reduce prices and improve the quality of their products.

Mr. Yen Man-leung, leader of a Hongkong trade delegation which is here for the fifth Hongkong Production Exhibition, said this proved that Hongkong manufacturers could successfully compete in the Malaysian and other export markets because of cheaper prices.—UPI.

Tibetan Issue To Be Put Before UN

United Nations, Sept. 25.
Ireland and Malaya will bring up the question of Tibet before the United Nations next Monday despite a strenuous behind-the-scenes battle led by India's Krishna Menon to "sweep Tibet" under the rug.

Their action will be strongly supported by the United States and, it is expected, the majority of the rest of the 82-nation world organization.

Irish and Malayan diplomats have carefully drafted their resolution to avoid language that will stir up a cold war. It will call on the United Nations to support the restoration of civil and religious liberties in Tibet.

Irish sources said they expect only 12 to 14 votes against the resolution, concentrated in the Communist bloc.

It is felt that India and other Afro-Asian nations, who have been active in the fight to kill the Ireland-Malaya action, will be forced by public opinion at home to vote in favour of the resolution.

Ireland, who initiated the resolution, carefully selected a co-sponsor that was not a member of either the East or West blocs.—UPI.

Typhoon Relief

London, Sept. 25.
The British Red Cross said today that it was sending £500 to the South Korean Red Cross in response to an appeal for the relief of thousands of people rendered homeless by the recent typhoon.—Reuter.

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It's Not Done In Portugal

Lisbon, Sept. 25.
Bullfighter Antonio Dos Santos did the wrong thing yesterday. He killed the bull.

Killing the bull is illegal in Portugal and Dos Santos was taken off to jail despite the wild applause of enthusiastic fans to whom the slaughter was a rare treat. He was released on US\$1,000 bail.

Bullfight fans were so delighted to see a real "moment of truth" they vaulted over the railings, grabbed Dos Santos and carried him on their shoulders six times around the ring.

But police collared the errant bullfighter and took him to jail while furious arena employees dragged out the bull's carcass.

Dos Santos, used to fighting and killing bulls in Spain, said "something just came over me."

He had been teasing the bull and kicking his ribs with the sword which in Portugal is a strictly ceremonial.

Suddenly he raised his sword. The crowd, holding its breath and guessing what might happen, was frozen in the stands. Then Dos Santos plunged the steel in the classical Spanish manner. The surprised bull sank to its knees, dying.

Dos Santos said it was a "mistake" but veteran Portuguese bullfight fans claimed they knew better.

Antonio's cousin, Manolo Dos Santos, did the same thing here some years ago. He was gaoled briefly and paid a fine for breaking the Portuguese law.—UPI.

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KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
A GOOD MYSTERY STORY!
A FINE ENTERTAINMENT FILM!



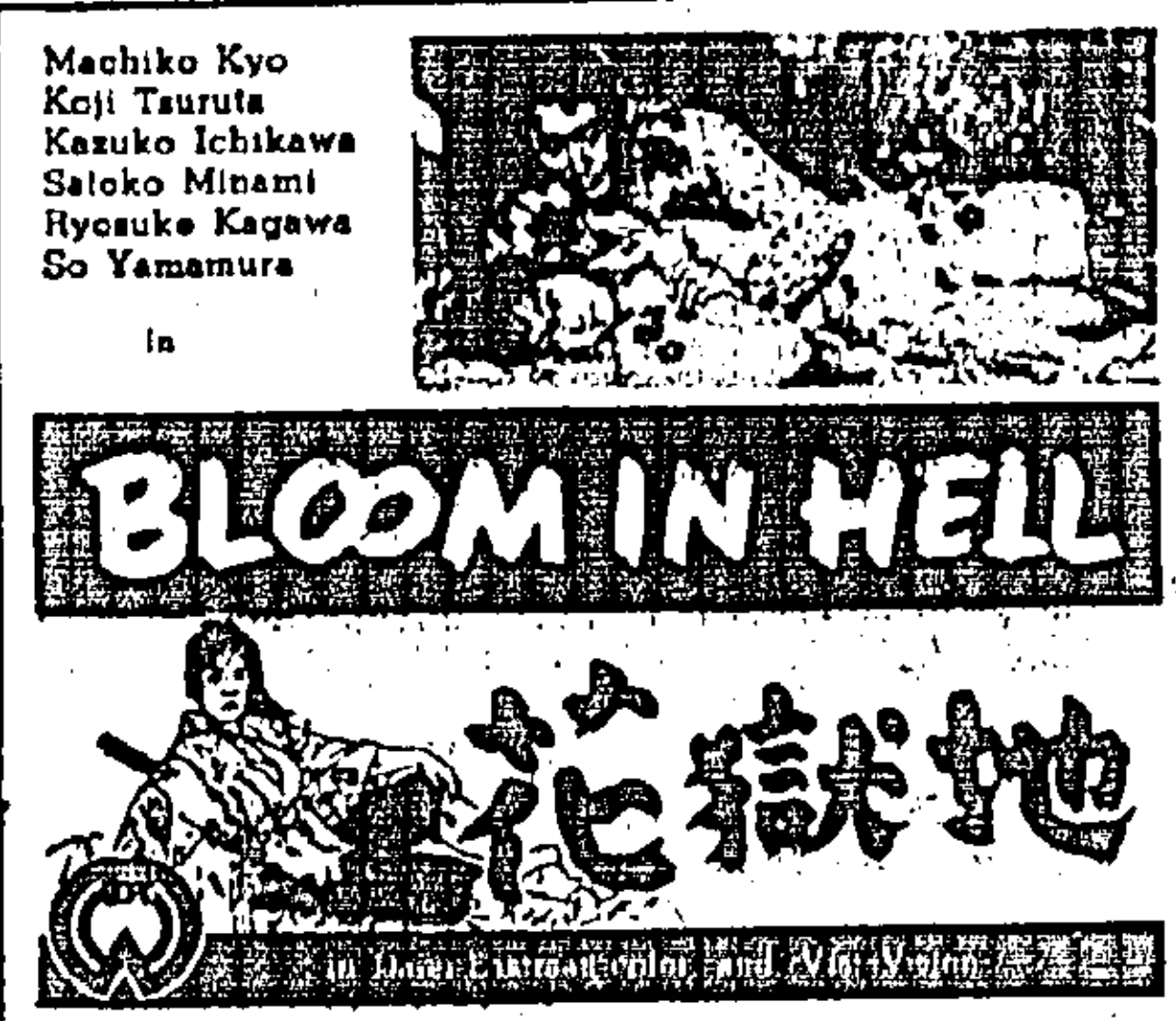
PRINCESS WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
At Reduced Prices

TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Warner Bros. Presents
Paul Newman • Lita Milan • John Dehner in
"THE LEFT GUN"

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. "M-G-M COLOR CARTOONS"
To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. "THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET"

METROPOLE TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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12.30 p.m. William Holden in "STALAG 17"



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FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

"THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK" (Roxy and Broadway) is the intense and moving drama of the last days of a little German-Jewish girl. For consider: If, under the providence of God, she had escaped the Nazi murder squads, she would be but 29 years of age at this moment.

It was not to be. "Better we do not search too deeply for rhyme or reason," she would be; she had the daring effort to be born a Jewess.

But the film carries no propaganda. It is not altogether sad. You are spared the horrors that went on within occupied Europe.

Rather do you see life as it unfolds for any intelligent youngster, hidden away for two years in an Amsterdam loft, with terror no further away than the street below.

How wistfully Anne Frank gazes at the square of spring sky revealed through a dirty attic window. Twice she gazes at the winter clouds rolled away, and birds returned, and the gulls floated high before her eyes. But there was no third spring.

There are moments in the picture when your blood will freeze; for instance, when you hear the chill scream of the Gestapo when the murder truck approaches. And you will experience relief as it passes.

There is the one occasion when it does not pass, and you hear the siren descend the steps to a banister.

But there is no need to discuss that, for there the film ends. No physical horrors to remind you of man's inhumanity to man.

There are no mock heroes. No decent gestures. These people confined in a garret want to live. That is all they ask. And the splendour of this film version of "The Diary of Anne Frank," is that it shows that, and only that. The wish for survival.

Everyone will talk of Millie Perkins who recreates Anne Frank. It is an exacting role of a teenager, baffled by innumerable problems.

The transition from childhood to young womanhood. The glory of the lighted mind amidst such squalor and fear. Yet, she is bright, optimistic, hopeful of the future. For she is to be a writer. . . . thus the diary.

Joseph Schildkraut brings dignity to the role as Otto Frank, Anne's father. Neither the terror that stalked by day, nor the fear that stalked by night robbed him of his matchless dignity.

The cast is completed by Gusti Huber, an experienced stage actress, as Anne's mother; Diane Baker, a newcomer as sister; Shelley Winters and Lou Jacobi as husband and wife, and Richard Beymer their son. The family share the loft with the Franks.

Ed Wynn comes along to share their quarters. He gives a great performance as a selfish, fat, craven hideaway, a performance which stamps "authentic" on every scene in the film.

Douglas Spencer appears as the owner of the office factory in which the Franks are hidden; and Dody Heath is his office assistant. These two are generous people who aid Israel in distress.

George Stevens made the picture, so to him belongs the credit of the splendid cinema technique. The lights and shadows. The heart stopping suspense as a cat creeps around their quarters, while in the grim shadows stand two Nazi soldiers. I think that the most moving scene in the film is the Jewish families celebrating a religious feast amid the narrow confines of their loft.

The 21st Psalm is read: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

But during these terrible years, Israel must have thought that God did slumber and sleep. For there is no answer, not this side of eternity, at any rate.

A generation has arisen, and achieved manhood, that know not Belsen, Dachau, or Buchenwald. Hearing, they disbelieve; seeing, they see not, but worse than all, they do not care.

How far is it from "yid" or "kike" to Belsen? How far is "nigger" from Notting Hill or Little Rodeo?

Here in this scientific 20th century, after two thousand years of Christian influence, we are further away from Calvary than were the savage Roman emperors who crucified the Christ to the cross.

Such thoughts as these must echo in the mind of every thoughtful person. I have never used the word "implore" in my column. But I do implore you to see this great film.

It invokes all the canons of art; it avoids all scenes of horror;



Gusti Huber, Lou Jacobi, Millie Perkins, and Shelley Winters, in a scene from "The Diary of Anne Frank." Roxy and Broadway.

it entertains no valiant gestures; it preaches no revenge upon its tormentors.

The young Anne Frank is dead. But she is alive. "More than anything else, I want to be a writer," she committed to her diary.

Her wish is fulfilled. For here is her testament. Noble beyond her years, an indictment of all who permit intolerance.

★ ★ ★
"THE MAN IN THE NET" (King's and Princess) is a murder mystery, introducing the well-known names of Alan Ladd and Carolyn Jones. It is different from the ordinary run of murder mystery films in that it provides a frame for acting in depth, especially for Miss Jones who is called upon to portray the neurotic and alcoholic wife of Alan Ladd.

If Alan Ladd seems too much you gentle, gentle knight, that is as it should be. If Miss Jones turns up with a black eye, gin inspired, and tells the assembled company that Alan gave her the shiner, who am I to comment if he remains dumb before his accuser and the menacing growls of the company?

If anyone was asking to be murdered, it was Miss Jones; and she does not have to ask very long in this film.

But Alan Ladd's knightly quest now backfires. He has concealed her alcoholism as efficiently as she has hidden her bottles of gin.

So he has helped put himself in the net. Now the hunt is on, and as is the case in these films when

a good woman has been done wrong, the lynching party forms ranks, and makes for the Ladd abode.

But as they come in the front, Alan slips out of the back.

Of course, all ends well, but mark me, it takes a bit of doing, and large lumps of luck. Scientific too, if you can call a tape recorder scientific.

So once again right triumphs; virtue is rewarded; evil is punished; and lollipop and Rye on the rocks for everyone. Cheers!

★ ★ ★
"BLOOM IN HELL" (Metropole) is a rather misleading title, forming as it does a cockney colloquial homonym. The meaning is, however, that virtue can flourish in the most unlikely places; the nearest English phrase to match it is, "There's honour among thieves."

"Bloom in Hell" is a Dated VistaVision, Eastman Colour production. From an English point of view, star value lies in the fact that the heroine is Machiko Kyo, who appeared in "Tea House of the August Moon," and for those unfamiliar with Japanese films, it is worth mentioning that Koji Tsuruta is the Cary Grant of Japan.

I think the average European will be struck by the camera work, the misty pastel shaded dawn that opens the film.

The film is concerned with the activities of two rival bands

of robbers with Machiko on one side, and Koji on the other. A princess of Kyoto is captured and Machiko Kyo pays an awful price for the princess' release.

In this, Machiko Kyo is aided by Koji Tsuruta, in incidents where rough play, and chivalry achieve spectacular heights.

It remains only to say that the film runs to packed houses in Japan, and that there is some similarity between the legends of Japan and the folk lore of England. The villains are very bad, and the good are ungodly good, virtue is its own reward, and evil is punished as it should be.

★ ★ ★
FILM BRIEFS

MGM's "Ben-Hur" to have its London premiere run at the Empire, Leicester Square, early next year.

Once again, this famous hall which began its career during the last century, reached its peak during the naughty-nineties, but eventually surrendered to the films, to be given a new look.

A 50-ft-wide screen is to be installed and high priority has been given to seating. The theatre's capacity will be reduced from 2,800 seats to 1,000, giving an unrestricted view of the screen to all.

In the stalls, patrons will sit in comfort with leg room of 31 in. It is planned to line up the side seats with the side of the screen, removing the wide angle of viewing.

The projection box will be removed to the main floor, and a full six-channel magnetic-stereophonic sound system will be installed.

MGM have spent \$15,000,000 on Ben-Hur, and it is reckoned the finest spectacle turned out since the days of sound film.

Ben-Hur runs for four hours, so the Empire is following the fashion of other London West End cinemas by introducing the advance booking policy.

Those readers who saw the earlier Ben-Hur shown at the old Tivoli in the Strand, will recall that a similar policy was introduced then; that separate performances were given; and that an interval, unheard of in silent film days, was introduced.

There's a mild-mannered theological student lurking behind the brutal German Lieutenant whom Peter Arne is bringing vividly to life in CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS.

When Peter, perfectionist par excellence, arrived in Florence for location work on the new Betty Box-Ralph Thomas' picture, he resolved that he would not only walk and behave like a cadet in the film but also that he would sound exactly right. He wanted a German accent that was 100 per cent right.

As soon as Peter heard the voice of 25-year-old theological student Wolfgang Kneifel, he knew that he need listen no further.

He called Wolfgang around to the hotel and asked him to speak the plot of voice he had already adopted. I claim full credit for any cruelty in the voice but all the credit for the German accent must go to Wolfgang.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

HOOPER & GALA: "North by Northwest." Alfred Hitchcock at his best in a suspense thriller which has Cary Grant in a nightmare predicament. Also in Technicolor. Also in cast, Eva Marie Saint and James Mason.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Diary of Anne Frank." A true picture in the young life of a little German-Jewish girl, who hid from the Nazis in occupied Amsterdam. Probably the greatest human document of our generation, made into a sincere and moving film. Millie Perkins; Joseph Schildkraut; Shelley Winters; Gusti Huber; and Ed Wynn.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Man in the Net." Involved

COMING

HOOPER & GALA: "Ask Any Girl." Romantic comedy, which assumes to answer the title. Has Shirley Maclaine thrown to the New York wolves.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Blue Angel." Film version of Heinrich Mann's famous book. Carries the song, "Falling in Love Again." As well as the best shot of the original film version. Delightfully made in colour and Cinemascope. May Be it in the Marlene Dietrich role, with Curt Jurgens taking over from Emil Jannings.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Lonelyhearts." Story about

a newspaper man who is put on the "dusk" column, but unfortunately, he possesses a conscience. Well acted with Montgomery Clift and Robert Ryan leading.

LEE & ASTOR: "Tiger Bay." In which Hayley Mills plays a little girl who becomes involved in a murder hunt. Brisk well directed film with slick performances from John Mills and Horst Buchholz, but it is Hayley "M.H." film.

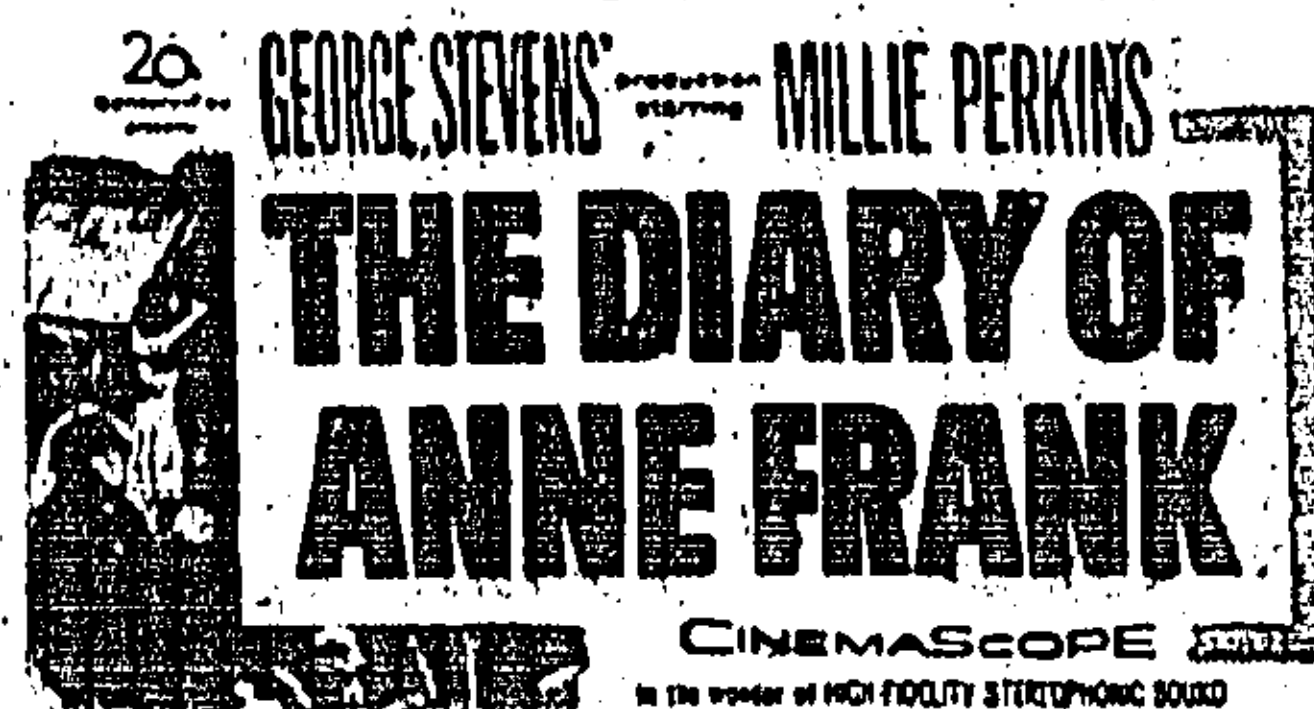
METROPOLE: "Around the World in 80 Days." Return date with Mike Todd's spectacular film version of Jules Verne's novel. Entertaining, fast moving. David Niven, and a galaxy of stars. Big screen and colour.

ROXY & BROADWAY

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Owing to length of picture please note special times
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MONUMENTAL IN ITS IMPACT AND SUSPENSE!



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At 12.00 Noon, 3.00, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
— At Reduced Prices —

HOOPER & GALA

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.00, 7.25 and 9.50 P.M.

(Please note the re-arranged time of performances)

ALFRED HITCHCOCK AT HIS BEST!



Special Matinee At Reduced Admission To-morrow

Gala Theatre at 11.00 a.m.	Walt Disney's feature cartoon "PETER PAN"
Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.	Deborah Kerr • Robert Mitchum in "HEAVEN KNOWS MR. ALLISON"
Hoover Theatre at 11.00 a.m.	M-G-M presents TOM & JERRY COLOR CARTOONS
Hoover Theatre at 12.15 p.m.	Glenn Ford • Gia Scalzi in "DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

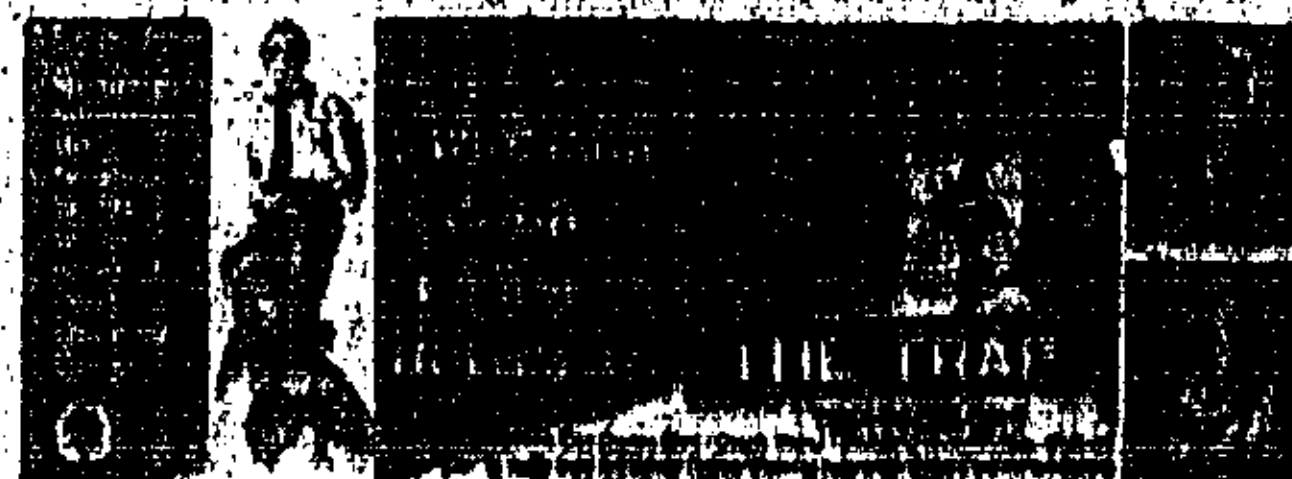
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MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
"THE LONELY MAN" || "CIRCUS ACTORS"

FITZ CINEMA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



NEXT CHANGE: CHARLIE CHAPLIN
"THE GREAT DICTATOR"

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Legend Of
The Witch
Of Wookey

London, Sept. 24. British "cavemen" will soon be pushing further into the legendary domain of the Witch of Wookey. But they will have to go under water—and underground—to do it.

The Wookey Hole Caves, in the English county of Somerset, were the home of prehistoric man—and prehistoric hyenas—more than 60,000 years ago. The series of fantastic caverns, carved beneath the Mendip hills by the River Axe offered a splendid hiding place for ancient Britons.

But the story of the witch in the cave belongs to a later age. No one knows quite how it began, but for generations it was passed by mouth from father to son.

An 18th century poem tells how the witch's neighbours objected to this evil woman, until a learned monk from Glastonbury conveniently turned her into stone.

RE-DISCOVERED

The legend lingered on long after the caves had been forgotten. Centuries ago the entrance silted up, and it wasn't until the 19th century that the way into the weird and wonderful grottoes was re-discovered.

The first explorers climbed down a natural rock staircase and into a great cavern. There glared at the secretive River Axe was the Witch of Wookey—a huge chunk of rock roughly hewn by nature into the head and shoulders of a grotesque hag.

A little way beyond the river disappears through a low archway. In recent years cave explorers and divers have followed the course of the river through 15 chambers. With new and improved equipment they hope to go still further—possibly to the source of the River Axe, 15 miles away in the heart of the Mendip hills.

But perhaps there is some truth in the legend of the Witch of Wookey after all. Excavations in the caves some years ago brought to light the skeleton of a woman. Next to her was a round crystal ball.—UPI

MALAYA GIVES
GREEN LIGHT TO
ACTOR TROUPE
FROM HONGKONG

From GORDON HUNG

Kuala Lumpur, Sept. 22.

The Movie Stars Travelling Dramatic troupe from Hongkong has been allowed to perform in the Federation after being refused permission to put on shows in Singapore because the show would not promote "healthy culture."

Leader of the 13-member troupe which includes four women, Mr. Anthony Young, better known as Pak Wan the Army screen idol, said when he heard the good news yesterday:

"All of us are very happy. We have started rehearsing already."

They came to the Federation under the sponsorship of Shaw Brothers and they submitted their script of a Chinese play set in the Ching dynasty to the police, who voiced no objections to the play.

Told To Go

The troupe arrived in Singapore on September 13, but 24 hours after their arrival the troupe was told to leave. They were supposed to open there on September 17.

When they were told to get out of Singapore they decided to come to the Federation.

The 39-year-old leader said that he could not understand why Singapore had suddenly decided to refuse the troupe permission to perform.

He said the performances of the troupe were "strictly cultural, historical and classical."

Not A Trace

There was not a trace of "yellow culture, grip-tease or a touch of politics" in the 24-hour show.

"In fact we decided to visit Singapore following recent appeals by the Minister of Culture to promote more cultural contacts with peoples of neighbouring countries."

"We would definitely have not come to Singapore if we had been told earlier that we were not wanted," he added.

The Singapore Government's reason for giving the troupe the

"cold shoulder" according to the Ministry of Home Affairs was: "After careful investigations, the Ministry is of opinion that the proposed performances of the troupe here will not in any way help to promote healthy relations with neighbouring countries."

Not Our Aim

"It is not the intention of the Government to encourage private dramatic troupes from abroad to come here purely for commercial purposes under the guise of promoting culture."

After performing in Kuala Lumpur, the troupe, among which are Misses Tong Ching, Pei Lin, Tong Yoke-ching and Wong Mei-yuen, will put on shows in Ipoh and Penang.

BIRTHDAY
CARDS
SHOCK
VICAR

London, Sept. 24.

A Vicar is reported to have attacked the "objectionable suggestiveness" of certain types of birthday cards on sale in his parish at Gillingham, Kent.

The Sunday Graphic said the Vicar, the Rev. Donald Mills, wanted to buy some of the cards to print as evidence for an article published in a recent issue of his parish magazine. But he found them so indecent that he was too embarrassed to buy them from the girl assistants.

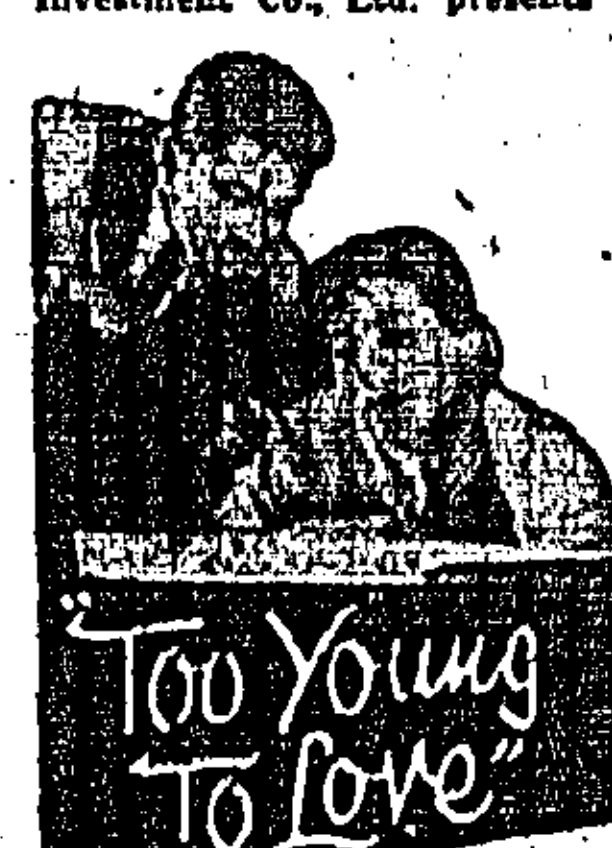
It quoted him as writing: "I was disgusted to observe the low standard of morality to which a birthday card can sink. In the eyes of some people, apparently, even a birthday card has to be associated with some objectionable suggestiveness both in picture and word. What is to be the effect of this on our children when, in all innocence, they go to buy a birthday card for someone they love?"

According to the Sunday Graphic, some of the cards to which the Vicar referred depicted shapely, undressed girls.—China Mail Special.



TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m.
Mellon Picture & General Investment Co., Ltd. presents



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Lia Tani
Chang Yang
Yeh Feng
Lai Ching

Morning Show To-morrow

At 12.15 p.m.

Bob Hope & Jane Russell

in "PALEFACE"

Technicolor

At Popular Prices

Linda Goes Astray



Five-year-old Linda Kerr got lost and ended up in Athens, 650 miles away from her frantic mother in Rome. With her mother, Mrs. Barbara Kerr, Linda was on her way home after visiting her father in Ghana. At Rome the plane stopped to refuel and Linda wandered off. A few minutes later she was discovered missing. After a frantic search Linda was discovered on an airliner bound for Athens. Picture shows Linda at the London Airport after she returned from Athens.—Express Photo.

Movement Of
Traffic By
Remote Control

Washington, Sept. 23.

Traffic control here has entered the age of electronics—via a roll of pink paper tape.

The tape is the heart of a new system that provides remote control over movement of traffic. Punched with a code, the tape contains orders transmitted at an ultra high frequency to traffic lights scattered throughout the city.

It's all designed to give motorists a continual green light, if they travel at the posted speed limits, and to accommodate different traffic patterns during different times of the day.

Similar radio controlled systems will be installed soon in New York, Seattle, and Los Angeles.

TAPE RECORDER

The radio controls save the expense of digging up streets, laying new cables, and then repaving. Also, said District of Columbia traffic engineer Charles Sullivan, the musical sounding radio signals allow engineers to send out up to 38 different kinds of orders. Only six could be handled by cable under the old system.

"We can do everything but crack a whip at pedestrians and tell them to move faster," he said. However he speculated that a tape recorder with verbal instructions could probably be installed if necessary.

During emergencies, the light cycles of alternating green and red can be changed by punching buttons at the master control room, located in the department of highways building.

During normal conditions, the tape is threaded through one of four metal cabinets comprising the sending unit. As it travels through the sprockets it automatically tells the transmitter which signals to broadcast to which traffic lights.

Sullivan also assures Washington motorists of something else. If the radio system breaks down, the lights work independently as they did before sprouting radio antennas. He added that if the tape breaks, the city has plenty of extra tape on hand.—UPI.

BUCKINGHAM
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Cruising
Around In
Space On
Free Fuel

Washington, Sept. 23. Spaceships, some day may "cruise almost indefinitely on free space fuel."

The American House of Representatives Committee on Science and Astronautics says that this is "perhaps the most imaginative idea of all" for future space travel.

It would make use of energy bolts found in space. One of these bolts is the Van Allen radiation belt, around the earth.

Data on the Van Allen belt has been gathered by instruments in several explorer satellites.

"By judicious navigation from one such energy belt to another, it may some day be possible to cruise almost indefinitely on free space fuel," a committee report said.

But this is an idea for the far future. Within the next five years the major problem will be to improve the chemistry of liquid and solid propellants. Theoretically, the energy-carrying capacity of these fuels can be upgraded 50 per cent, the Committee said.

Within ten years the Committee expects that some headway will be made in harnessing nuclear and electric power. A less conventional propulsion system might use free radicals—highly reactive parts of broken molecules.

The report listed as needs for the future:

• ways to recover and re-use large rocket engines that have been jettisoned; and

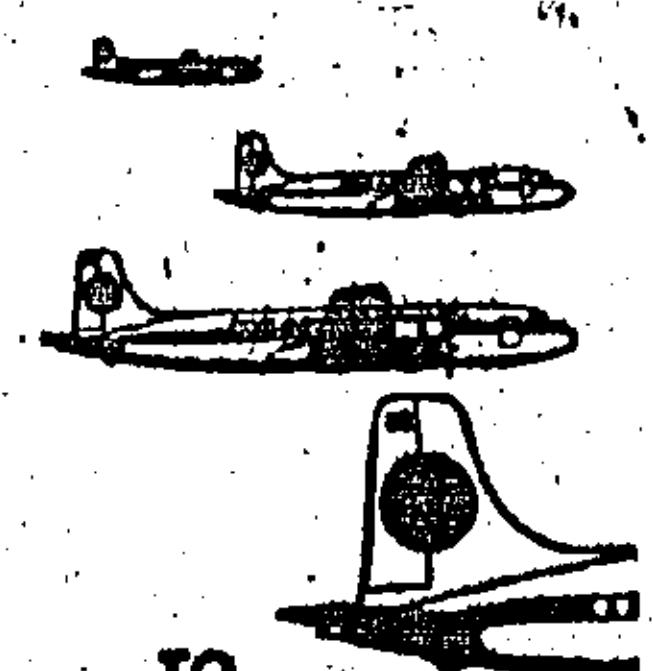
• development of upper-stage liquid rocket engines using high-energy propellants such as liquid oxygen and liquid hydrogen, or storable propellants.

This will mean that payloads can be increased by anything from two to ten times.

The Committee called upon the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA) for a decision soon on how much to go to the moon. "It is possible," the report said, "that the first manned flights to the moon—and later to other planets in our solar system—will originate from space platforms already in earth orbits some 300 nautical miles above the earth.—UPI.

Bar . As In 'Barber'

Beverly Hills, Calif. Time-shy business executives need not interrupt their busy schedules for a haircut anymore. A plush barbershop just opened here offers businessmen a conference room to conduct their business while getting a trim. Oh yes, there also is another attraction: a bar.—UPI.

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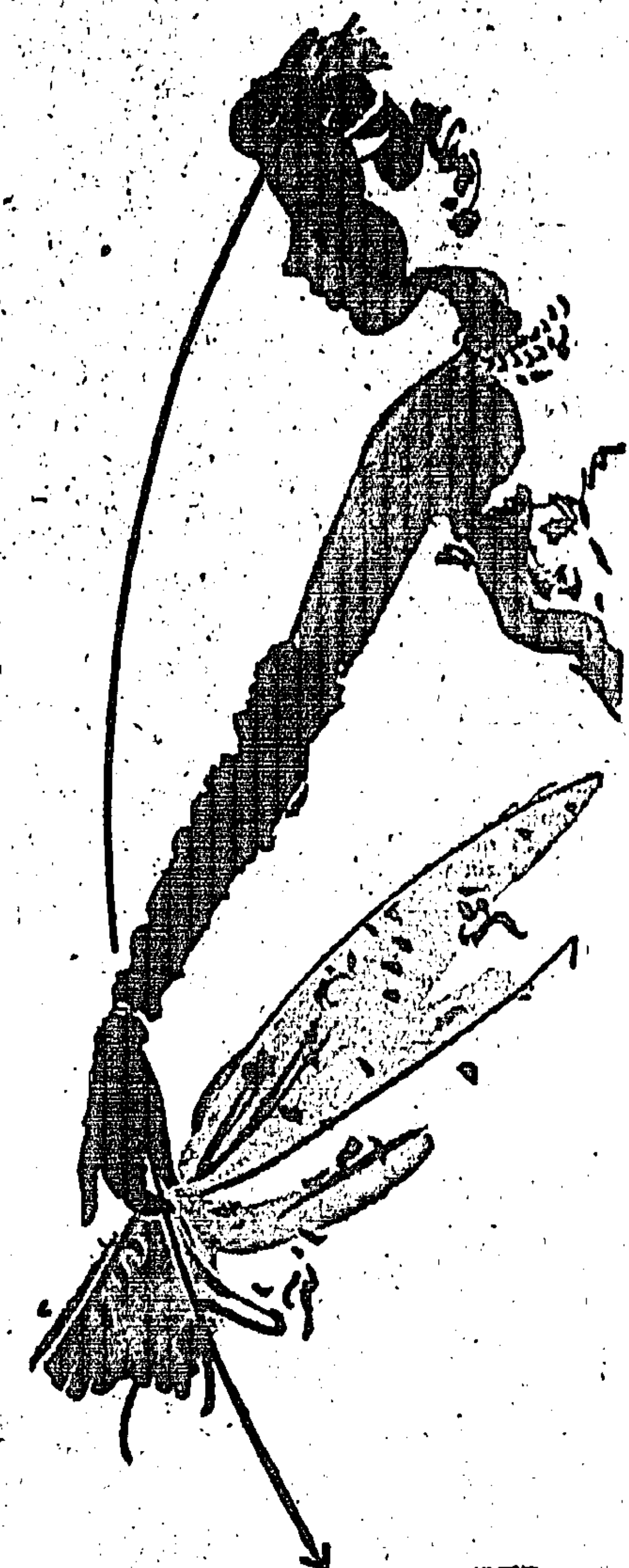
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Price - Service
Satisfaction - Guaranteed
FROM 11AM TO 2AM
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TO-NIGHT
AT 7.30 P.M.

SIEN FUNG MING CANTONESE OPERA presents
"THE REGENERATION IN THE RED-PLUM CHAMBER"

(記梅紅世再)

TO-NIGHT
AT 8.00 P.M.

BIG WAN TIN CANTONESE OPERA presents
"THE COLOURED PHOENIX LANTERN"

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: A 15-year-old British international swimmer Diana Wilkinson, first woman to swim 100 yards in less than a minute, is to give up international swimming for the rest of the year. Schoolgirl Diana has recently lost form, and has been advised by her parents to rest from competition and stay out of the water for six weeks. Picture shows Diana and her mother.



ABOVE: Some 450 delegates from 33 countries, under the presidency of Senhor Quirino da Fonseca of Portugal, met the other day in London for the opening of a conference of marine underwriters. Picture shows the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillott, listening to the opening speech by Senhor da Fonseca. On the left is delegate Rostock Jansen.



ABOVE: Lord Beaverbrook, the Canadian clergyman's son, who by his 40th birthday had risen to become, in turn, a millionaire, a British M.P., owner of Britain's most powerful newspapers, a cabinet minister, and a peer, recently realised the ambition of a lifetime. In a simple ceremony, he presented to the people of New Brunswick—where he was born just over 80 years ago—the first art gallery the Atlantic Provinces of Canada have ever possessed. With it go a collection of over 300 paintings and 1,000 drawings and lithographs he has collected in the last 40 years, and a generous endowment fund for the gallery's upkeep. He is seen here—alone in the treasury of art that now belongs to his fellow citizens.



ABOVE: Challenging the ancient Castle and Holyrood Palace as a tourist attraction in Edinburgh is an innovation—the Museum of Childhood, which was started four years ago by a confirmed bachelor on the Town Council, Patrick Murray. Since two costumed dolls gave him the idea, the Museum has outgrown its original home, now attracts educationists, folklore specialists and sociologists from all over the world. Picture shows Patrick Murray with some of the dolls on exhibition. The display also includes outworn nursery games, first editions of children's magazines and comics, the first pop-shooter, a 60-year-old walking doll, and even a case full of castor-oil and other distasteful medicines of childhood.



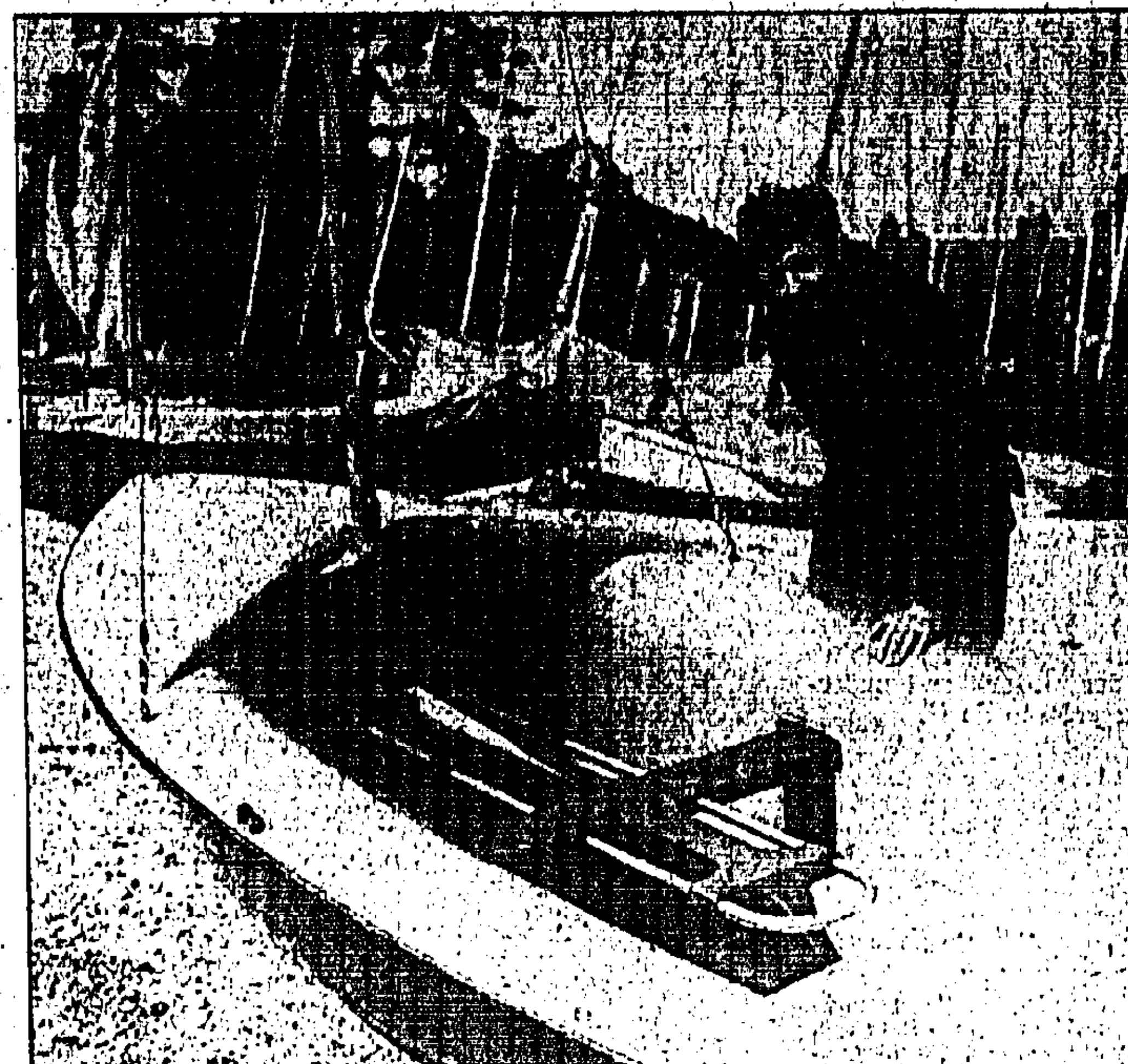
ABOVE: Earl Beatty recently arrived back from a Mediterranean cruise with 18-year-old deb Diana Kirk, who was wearing an engagement ring which she did not possess when she left. The 54-year-old Peer, thrice married, denied any romance by saying "There is no romance between me and Diane and I am a very old friend of her family's, and I have known her for more than a year." Diane's mother has described the rumour of a romance as "ridiculous."



ABOVE: Up amongst London's chimney pots, Miss Brenda Eisen, of St Mary's Cray, Kent, takes reading from the varied array of instruments which confront her on this, the new location of the "Air Ministry Roof," for it is from this position that London's weather is recorded. Up until recently readings on the "Air Ministry Roof" were taken at nearby Victory House in London's Kingsway where weather instruments had been used for the last 21 years, but now they are to be found only a stone's throw away, up on the roof of Princes House, where this picture was taken.



ABOVE: Paulina Hahn, 17-year-old actress, loses no time in studying her script. She reads it over at the Westbury Hotel, Mayfair, only a short while after arriving in London from New York recently to star in "Too Young to Love," film version of the play, "Pick-up Girl."



ABOVE: Rowing champion B. Perry recently took the first of a new series of fibreglass dinghies out on to the Solent—and tried his hardest to sink it. Only once did he manage to capsize it, and even then it righted again with no difficulty. The dinghy was the first of the Alpha class of 12 footers, built by Bristol Aircraft Limited to a design by two Oxford men, and for a first order from the Oxford University Yacht Club. Picture shows S. S. Wilson, one of the two designers, with the dinghy.



ABOVE: For over a year, travelling art dealer Llewellyn Evans has been touring US bases in Britain with a vanload of paintings. But there was one painting, of medieval merry-makers, which he just couldn't sell at his asking price of £500, though he did turn down one offer of £250. Now Llewellyn is glad he couldn't find a buyer—for experts of the National Gallery and the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, have identified the artist as Ludovic Pozzosorato, a Fleming who worked in Italy in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. And they reckon the 29" x 50" painting is worth at least £10,000.



ABOVE: John Piper seen at work on the mosaic mural he is designing for the BBC's new Television Centre, a huge modern building now under construction in West London. Mr Piper was commissioned by the BBC to do the mural, which measures 16' feet by 26 feet, and which is an abstract pattern in brilliant colours. It will occupy a commanding position in the entrance hall of the new Centre.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DID IT HAPPEN?

Markson, the servant, frowned and passed his hand over his black forehead with an unfamiliar gesture. Then he said slowly: "I think I see Master again—before the moon's end..."

IT was my last night in Accra. As my aircraft was due to take off at the grisly hour of five a.m. I had taken a room in the Lisbon Hotel on the fringe of the airport. In the guest-house, my servant Markson had packed for me.

Over the months Markson and I had become firm friends and I knew that I would miss his foot-black face, his flashing grin and, above all, his loyalty. He came with me up the Lisbon to say goodbye. He nobly disapproved of the room I had been given and threatened the hotel boys with fearful retribution if they should dare to steal from me.

Sad

He unpacked the few things I would want for the night: pyjamas, tooth-brush and so on. He was sad and so was I when that little last task was done. We shook hands and I gave him his dash. He accepted it with a smile and almost a tear in his eye. He looked at me with his liquor-coloured eyes, not beaming now but frowning.

He passed his hand over his black forehead with an unfamiliar gesture, probing with his fingers. On the left side, stroking the skin. Then he said slowly: "I think I see Master again—before the moon's end."

"No," I said. "You won't. Not unless I come to Accra again. The aircraft takes off at five."

He shook his woolly head obstinately. "I think I see Master again."

Then he went away. With genuine sorrow, I saw him go in the brief twilight, his bare feet shuffling in the dust. I had arranged to dine that night with my friend, Stanley C., a witty and thirsty surgeon. He turned up at about seven, after Markson had gone and we began to celebrate my imminent departure. In the traditional manner of the Coast, that is to say that it was after 10 o'clock before we made our hilarious passage to the dinner.

Avocado pears and ground-

pepper and a bottle of brandy to follow.

We sat on the stoop of the hotel, listening to the whirring

of crickets and the fluting of fruit bats, telling each other stories that became more and more improbable as the moon rose to exhibit tulle behind a rompre-bank of cloud.

Beyond the spread splash of light from the moon, the darkness was opaque. For no reason that I could think of, Stanley leaned across the table and touched my forehead gently with his surgeon's finger tips.

There was a bump

about the size of an inflated

half-crown, a

hairless, a

fairly called a

lipoma. It had

been there for

years and I

was so used

to it that I

had forgotten

its existence.

"Tut, tut,"

said Stanley.

"I should have

done it long

ago."

"Done

what?"

"Removed

that lipoma."

Disposed of

that object,"

he planned at

his watch.

"I'm. Quarter

to 12..."

He got up

from the table

and meandered

into the hotel.

He was away

for about five

minutes. Then

he came back

and divided

the last of the

brandy between

us. When our

glasses were

empty, he stood

up, leaning on

the back of his

chair.

"Well," he said,

"off we go."

"Where to?"

"The Ridge

Hospital. I've

just told them

on the telephone

to get the theatre

ready."

"Ho, ha, ha," I

said.

"Difficult"

"Must send you

back to England

looking beautiful!"

He began to croon

to the melody of

"I Want to Be

Happy."

"You've got a

lipoma."

"I want your

finger to remove

it from me..."

"Of course," I

said. "I can't

wait. It's a thing

I've always

wanted to have

a head opera-

tion at midnight,

in the sound of

drums."

"Splendid,"

said Stanley.

"Then let's get

cracking."

He had some

difficulty in

finding the

ignition key-hole

in the

car.

"I'll be back

in five minutes."

He disappeared

into the night.

I sat alone in

the hotel room,

listening to the

whirring of

the aircraft

as it took off

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Princess in Pillory



TWO ON HOLIDAY—Leopold and Liliane

THE service in the little Belgian church was over. The congregation prepared to leave. They would walk quickly and quietly through the streets under the watchful eyes of the German troops on patrol. One Sunday in enemy-occupied Belgium was much like another.

But this Sunday, in December 1941, did turn out to be different. The priest was climbing to the pulpit for a second time. He had an announcement to make. It was a message from Cardinal Archbishop Van Roy, Primate of Belgium. This was the primate's pronouncement:—

"My Very Dear Brethren: I am authorised to make known to you an important event: his Majesty King Leopold has contracted a marriage with Mademoiselle Liliane Baels . . . one of our countrywomen, a member of a most honoured family in West Flanders . . ."

"I had the honour and pleasure of blessing this marriage on September 11 last, in the presence of relatives, in the chapel at the Chateau of Laeken . . ."

"I am authorised to add that this marriage concerns the private and family life of the king . . . An authentic decree of the Sovereign has established that the royal bride renounces the title of queen, a condition which she herself made to her marriage. She will bear the title of Princess de Rethy. By the same decree the king declares that any children of this marriage shall enjoy no hereditary right to the Crown."

The news stunned its hearers. There were questions . . . all kinds of questions. Why hadn't the news been in the papers? If the king, a prisoner in his palace at Laeken, had been married in September, why had they waited until now to announce it? And who WAS Liliane Baels?

Liliane Baels was born in London—at 5 Highbury New

Park—on November 23, 1917, to write about Crown Prince Leopold.

Her father, Henry Baels, was a lawyer. At the beginning of the First World War he had a practice in Ostend, but when the country was overrun by the Germans, he transferred the practice to London. He went back after the war and, in the 1930's held various Government and Crown posts—Minister of the Interior, and Governor of the province of West Flanders.

King's friend

In these duties he won the lifetime friendship of King Albert. Meanwhile Liliane was at school, at the Sacre-Coeur in Ostend, where there had been a prophetic event occurred in Liliane's life. Her class was ordered to write a composition. Each girl was allowed to choose her own subject.

Some girls wrote on intellectual subjects, some about their holidays or pets. Liliane chose

BEGINNING THE STORY OF PRINCESS LILIANE DE RETHY . . .

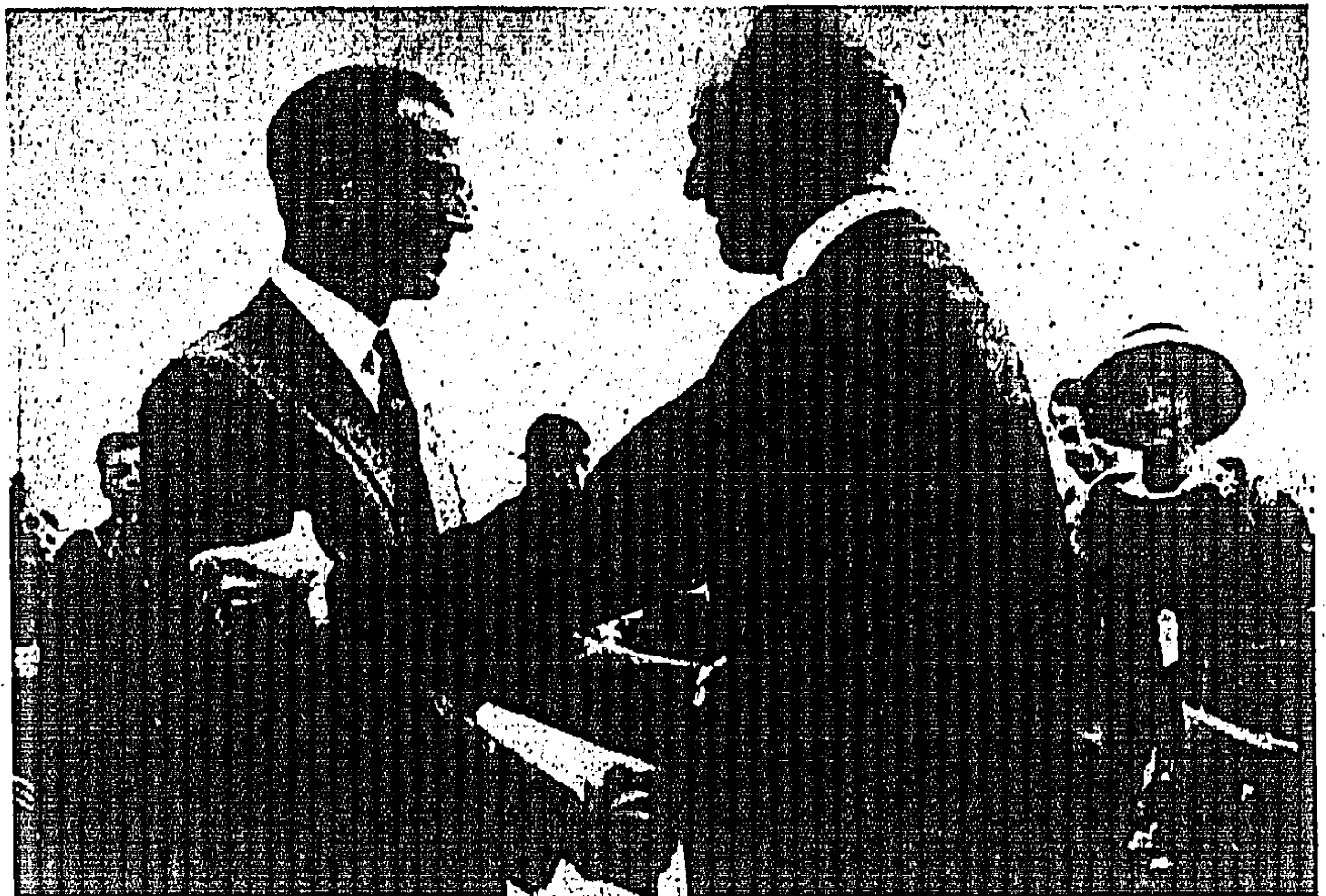
Could this woman end a monarchy?

Q How much longer can the Belgian throne last?

That question must have been in the minds of many of the guests who gathered in Brussels a few months ago for the glittering royal wedding. As they pondered over it, many of them may have looked at one woman—Princess Liliane de Rethy.

Ever since her marriage to ex-King Leopold in 1941 the power of the Belgian throne has diminished. Because of that marriage, Leopold was forced to abdicate in favour of his son. Now there is talk that Baudouin too will have to abdicate because of the influence his stepmother holds over him.

Q WHO is this woman who has rocked a monarchy? How did she come into Leopold's life? Why do so many Belgians hate her? Here, for the first time, is the full story of Liliane Baels and her love for a king. The author is a former diplomat accredited to the Belgian court.



WOMAN IN THE BACKGROUND: Liliane watches as Leopold welcomes home King Baudouin after his U.S. trip.

So serious

So Leopold was not a "gay" young man. He devoted himself to work and planning with great energy, seldom relaxed, and seldom smiled.

But he was looking forward to the Grand Prix, the principal horse race of the year at Ostend, as he drove over there on July 24, 1938.

When the races began Governor Henry Baels sat on the king's right.

The king asked about Madame Baels, suggesting that she might like to join them. The governor had the message telephoned to her at the family's villa in nearby Le Zoute. Madame Baels quickly got ready and asked her daughter to drive her to the Ostend racetrack. Liliane made good time in their smart-looking open car.

Finding that her errand had brought her to a spot where she

could enjoy her first good look at the king, she did not drive away again as soon as her mother had left the car.

First talk

A few moments later Leopold looked in her direction, stopped in the middle of a sentence, and inquired: "Who is that beautiful young woman in Madame Baels's car?"

That was the first meeting of Liliane and Leopold. The conversation was pleasant but short, with a number of people listening.

"Do you speak French or Flemish, mademoiselle?" "I speak both, sire."

"Do you play golf?" And then an invitation to a game at Le Zoute the following day.

The meeting on the links was a rather stuffy occasion. There wasn't much sparkling conversation. All the same, it was a good enough game to call for another . . . almost two years later.

Their third meeting did not take place on the links but on the rolling lawns in front of the palace at Laeken. This was in June 1939, when Queen Wilhelmina of Holland was on a state visit to Belgium.

Leopold gave a reception for her, to which the Baels family was invited.

Liliane and the king exchanged their few words, but no more than that . . . a thou-

sand people were waiting. . . about science or art or even golf, the king found that he well have ended there . . . and was talking about the personal life of Liliane Baels . . . and that he wanted to know more about her.

It was only a few days later that Liliane received an invitation to luncheon at Laeken. It was given by Queen Mother Elisabeth at her house, Les Palmiers, in the grounds of Laeken.

Invitation

This time the conversation was much less strained. The king learned that since their last golf game Liliane had had a serious accident, skiing in Austria, and had spent three months convalescing. Nothing is more personal than an injury. So instead of talking

There were just the three of them. Liliane instantly made an impression on her hosts. This luncheon having been such a "success" there would have been others. But soon afterwards, on May 10, 1940, Nazi hordes poured across the (Continued on Page 7)

Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

'ANTEPAR'



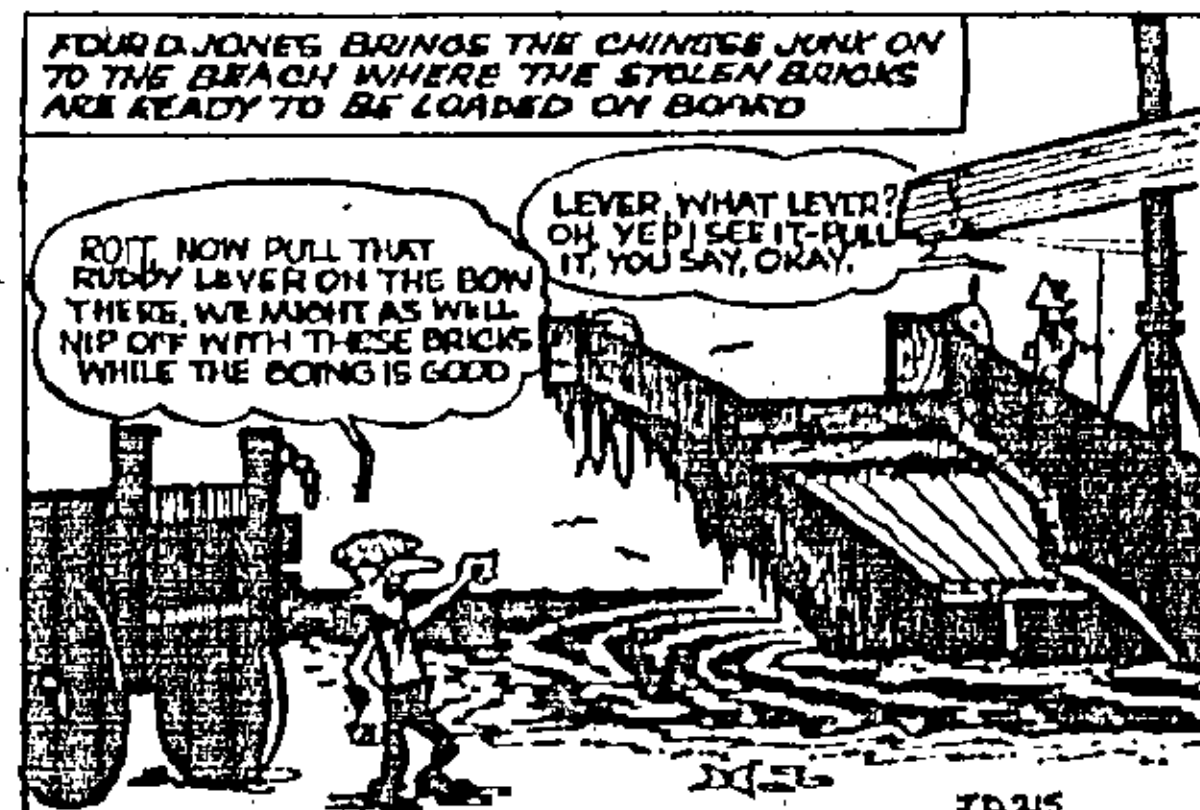
One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

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FOUR D. JONES . . .



by MADDOCKS

FERD'NAND



By Milk

Statesmen prefer



SWISSAIR THE AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris



THE POSITION OF CHILDREN IN THE SOVIET UNION TODAY

Mother puts the State before her family

VASSILY was not really conscious that he had a father or mother—or even what those words meant—until he was six or seven years old. A few days after his birth he and his twin sister Natasha were put in the care of the creche attached to his mother's factory. A few weeks later she was back at work, leaving the children at the creche at eight o'clock and collecting them at five, in time to get them their supper and put them to bed.

Practically, Vassily was usually happy at the kindergarten. He was well fed and looked after by well-trained nurses, and enjoyed playing with the other children.

But sometimes he felt lonely, and when he cried the nurse, although kind, was usually too busy to comfort him.

At first he did not remember the face of the woman who came to take him away at night, but as he grew older and understood what she said, he learned that this was his mother.

Vassily's father was an elderly man and a little old-fashioned. He and his mother would sometimes quarrel over the children being sent to the kindergarten.

His mother justified herself by saying that Russia had lost twenty million people in the war and that the State—a word that soon began to crowd Vassily's young horizon—needed the women's contribution to the national output, from women doctors to bus drivers, from teachers to machine hands.

She would always end the quarrel by saying she would rather be a man's equal in every way and do a man's work as she did in Russia, than be tied to the kitchen sink as she would be in any other country. Communism, she explained, were her twin slogans.

"Well, if it's emancipation to be a builders' labourer, you can keep it," her husband would reply. "Emancipation—nonsense. They are just making a virtue out of economic necessity."

There is some truth in both their arguments, but the matter-of-fact way in which the broken link between mother and child is accepted—that is something I found disquieting.

When they were seven years old, Vassily and Natasha left the kindergarten for a joint primary and secondary school. Attendance was compulsory and free for the next seven years.

Vassily heard his teachers constantly saying, "The system will ensure the social education of the child at all stages... and turn out fully developed members of Communist society."

A just pride in Russia's tremendous achievements grew in him and he was taught to look up to Lenin and other great Russian leaders of the revolution as messengers of plenty.

By
JOHN GRIFFITHS

The Russians can, sometimes overcome the impossibilities of red tape by practical commonsense, and an incident told me by a very pretty student teacher illustrates this.

At the end of term she was directed by the Komsomol—the Young Communist League—to work for 48 hours on a building site before taking her holiday. After only four hours it was obvious that a girl straight from a college desk was not going to be of much more use and might even injure herself, so the foreman packed her off home and jotted down "10 hours' labour" in her student record book.

All the same, the whole system is geared to creating men and women who will drop unhesitatingly into the Socialist pattern. Except in the field of science and technology, original and critical thinking is gradually discouraged. Naturally this places greater emphasis on technical education in which the Russians are probably supreme.

The starvation of information is most marked among university students and graduates who are eager to weigh the evidence for themselves as they gradually become aware they are not allowed to see it all.

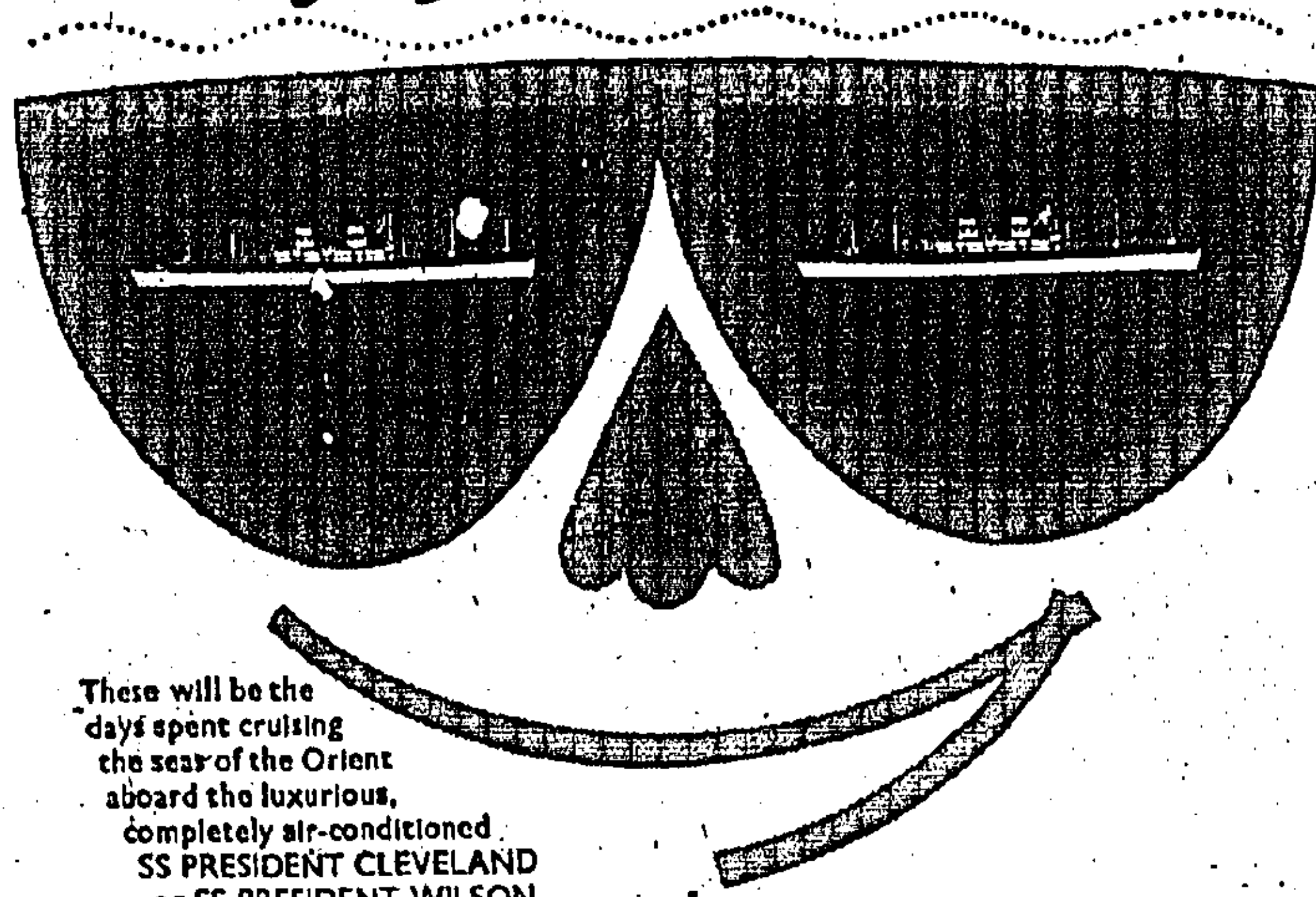
Vassily's greatest need was for European books and papers which would give him the opposite side of a picture to the one he had been given by his mother. He wanted desperately to talk over his theories with foreigners.

I found quite a number of people ready to criticize the practical estimates of Communist "advantages" seemed to have been learned by rote.

One young man was at great pains to say how wrong Russia had been to build tractors with caterpillar tracks, and how that, filled with the spirit of self-criticism, the government had learned from the West to build them with tyres. He genuinely seemed to expect me to be greatly impressed by his munificence.

Vassily was a rarer bird, but not unique. He was equally ready to discuss and even criticize certain aspects of the philosophy of Communism, and its effect on men's way of life. He was equally incisive when questioning Western preconceptions. Like his fellows, however, he was utterly convinced that Communism was the means to the best form of human existence.

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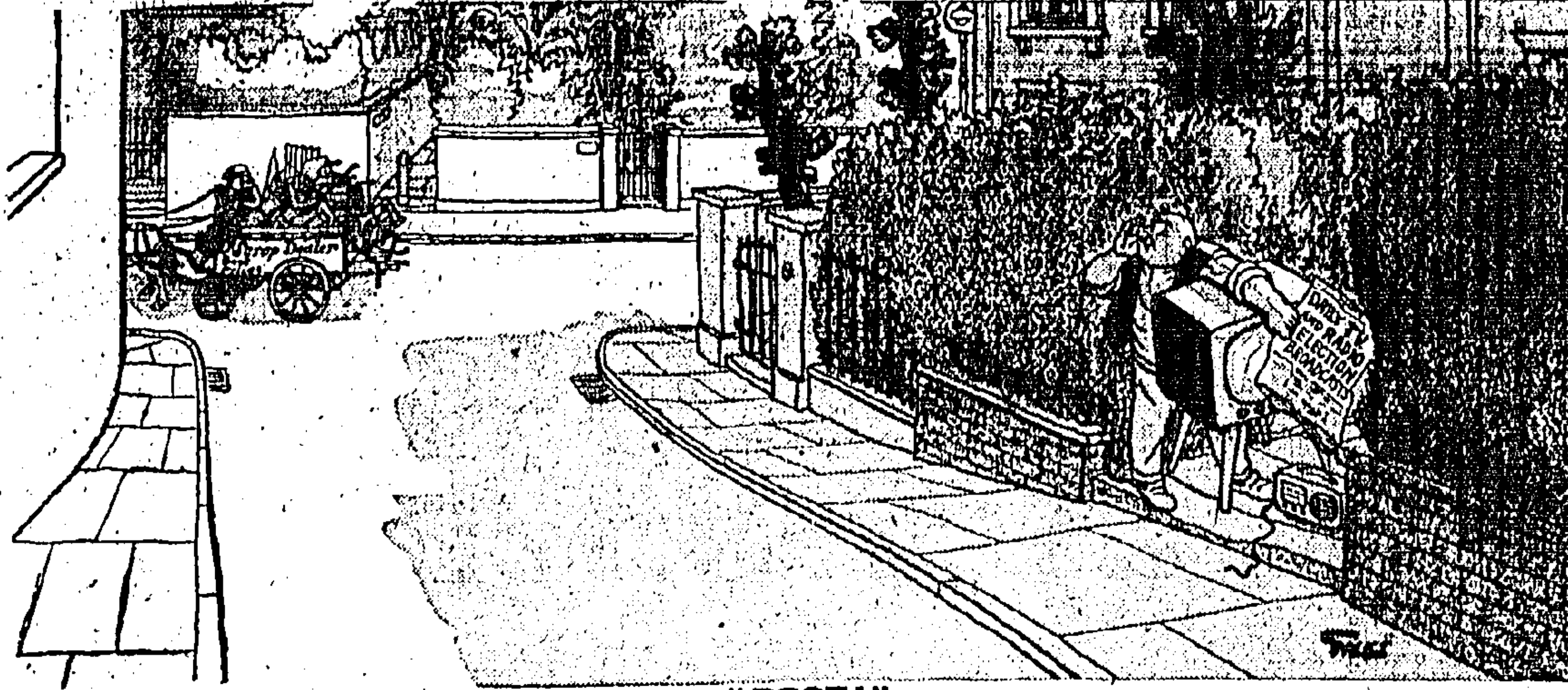
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Confusion, chaos at dawn

It was September 1, 1937. Newspapers carried banner headlines announcing rapid Japanese military advances across China. Tucked away in a corner of one of the inside pages was a brief item: "Forecast: Light westerly winds, freshening to a gale from the north to north-east. Fair at first, cloudy with rain and squalls later."

This forecast was the harbinger of the most destructive typhoon ever to strike Hongkong. It left behind 11,000 dead, and over 40 ships in the harbour in distress.

Hongkong had never experienced anything like it before and is not likely to again—although of course the possibility remains.

The Colony experienced a wild, sleepless night. After the typhoon struck, followed by four hours of fantastically high winds—one gust was unofficially registered at 100 m.p.h.—which ripped off house-tops, wiped out a complete village, disrupted communications, and tossed ocean-going liners about the harbour as if they were small sampans.

CONFUSION

When dawn broke everywhere was confusion and chaos, utter and complete.

A record of the typhoon kept at the Royal Observatory says: "This was probably Hongkong's worst typhoon, for although the highest hourly wind has been exceeded on several occasions, the maximum gust (165 knots) and the minimum pressure (950.4 mb. at m.s.l.) are the most extreme on record. Certainly Hongkong has never before or since suffered such extensive damage."

Early reports indicated heavy loss of life and millions of dollars worth of minor damage. As it proved, this was unfortunately the case.

For nearly 24 hours there was no contact with the New Territories. Then new headlines were made.

TIDAL WAVE

Entire Village Wiped Out In Night of Terror," the headlines and posters screamed. Still stunned by the effects of the storm around them, the people were astonished to learn that a tidal wave of gigantic proportions had swept through a small fishing village near Taiipo, called Taiipo Hui.

Not a building in the village was left standing, and more than 200 people had either been swept to sea or drowned when caught under the wreckage of their homes. One of the first persons to get to the village, recounted how he had seen a huge pile of corpses, numbering at least 100, under the wreck of the Taiipo Bridge. Evidently, he said, they had been caught there as the flood waters had receded.

Only a few miles away at Taiipo Market, Police and all the able-bodied were feverishly working to clear the wreckage, trying to find survivors, but there were few. By the evening of the third, more than 100 bodies had been found and laid out for identification. It was estimated that at least a hundred more had been swept out to sea.

Most of the people of the village at Taiipo Hui were fishermen, and many of them had come from their sampans and junks hoping to escape the ravages of the storm they knew was on the way.

Back in town it was the same. Loss of life was high, and damage was immense. Before and during typhoons there is rain. From 10.30 p.m. on the evening of the first, until 7.00 a.m. on the second, just over five inches fell.

Nullahs and drains could not cope with the deluge. In many cases the force of the water rushing along them, tore up the cement. As the water eroded the underlying earth away, miniature waterfalls were formed.

Slating torrents sweeping down hillsides washed away trees and small buildings, throwing them over

roads, blocking the majority in the Peak district.

In the harbour, which was quite busy at the time, ships were grounded a number, and the local junk population were decimated.

The same tidal wave that washed away Taiipo Hui, sank practically all of the Shantaukok fishing fleet. One correspondent, piecing together the story from information he had gleaned from people who had seen the tidal wave, said: "A tidal wave more than six feet high, rose in Taiipo Bay harbour shortly before 3 a.m. Thursday, September 2, swept down the entire length of the inlet, devastated the Shantaukok fishing fleet (more than 100 people were drowned) and wiped out Taiipo Old Market, after which it continued for a quarter of a mile inland."

HURTTLED

More than 40 big ships were in difficulties after a wild night of furious winds. The Royal Observatory's anemometer, broke after registering a gust at 130 m.p.h. It was only built to register up to 125 m.p.h.

Many still remember the wild journey of a Chinese ship, the An Lee. Caught in a 100 m.p.h. gust, she broke anchor and began to career around the harbour. Two warships HMS Suffolk and HMS Diamond got in the way, but still the An Lee continued.

She finally hurtled stern-first into a section of the quay, and there she came to rest. Next morning, only her stern could be seen sticking high in the air, with her bows well under water.

By
ANDREW SLOAN

A Butterfield and Swire ship, the Kalgan, pulled her anchor from Kowloon Bay to a point near the Kowloon Star Ferry Pier. There the wind changed direction, swung her completely round, and she crashed into the pier. Deck hands and ferry coolies helped to lash her to the pier, which was the way she appeared the next morning. She had a heavy list outwards, and on board wreckage was littered all over the decks. All her hatches had been ripped off. The bow of the Kalgan was over the Kowloon Police pier, and her anchor chain was swinging and clanking against it.

AWE-INSPIRING

Some 15 other ships were grounded or in grave danger of sinking. But death on the sea was not as heavy as had been feared.

On the Island, one of the most spectacular fires in living memory at the time, broke out on the waterfront, which was caused by a short circuit. Water had found its way into the ground floor of one of the buildings when the tide had risen causing the blaze.

For five hours at the height of the storm, police and firemen battled with the blaze, whilst deep in water. Just after 2 a.m., when the number 10 typhoon signal was raised, a fire alarm went out from Connaught Road West.

Fierce gusts of wind fanned the conflagration into a raging inferno, sweeping from one building to the next. When it was eventually extinguished the next morning, 10 buildings had been completely gutted.

From the mid-level Peak district, the fire was described as an "awe-inspiring sight," by residents who saw it. Flames shot high into the lashing rain and wind, and the entire area was bathed in the ruddy glow.

As the fire grew worse, the water in the ground floors rose

higher and higher. Fighting through the debris of fallen beams and walls, the firemen were later supported by policemen who arrived on the scene. One policeman said that it would be difficult to estimate the number of people who died in the fire, as the bodies of fire victims were washed out of the buildings by the high tide. But it was known that at least 20 people lost their lives. At 9 a.m. the fire was still smouldering.

It was later described as one of the most spectacular blazes in the history of the colony.

When the storm died down, reports filtered into newspaper offices, and here are some of them, dramatic, funny and tragic:

A small junk was found on the tramlines after being lifted over the Gloucester Road bund by huge waves.

Following the flooding of the railway tracks in Kowloon, a number of enterprising Chinese were seen scooping fish out of pools of water in Nathan Road many catches of live fish were still being made late on the morning of September 2.

Among these was one colourful fish several feet long, of a type unfamiliar to Hongkong waters, which had evidently been swept along with the typhoon for many miles.

In the De Luxe Garage in Nathan Road, part of the building was flattened, but a car was still sitting ten feet up on a hydraulic lift, unharmed.

Included in all the shipping in distress, were quite a large number of river boats. One correspondent for the China Mail at the time wrote: "In the case of the river boats it is learned from a reliable source that the owners had only taken

out insurance policies with one of the leading local insurance companies on Sept. 1. (the day before the typhoon struck).

On that same day the Shanghai Refugees Committee had decided that all the refugees accommodated in the Jockey Club were to move over to Kowloon to take up residence in the Lockhart Road Quarters. The 480 women and children were to have been moved on the last day of August, and final arrangements had been decided.

But the typhoon came first. It was just as well the refugees were not moved because Lockhart Road was heavily damaged. The unfinished top floor of each house was blown out of position, and in some cases was hanging dangerously over the floor beneath, which had been flooded.

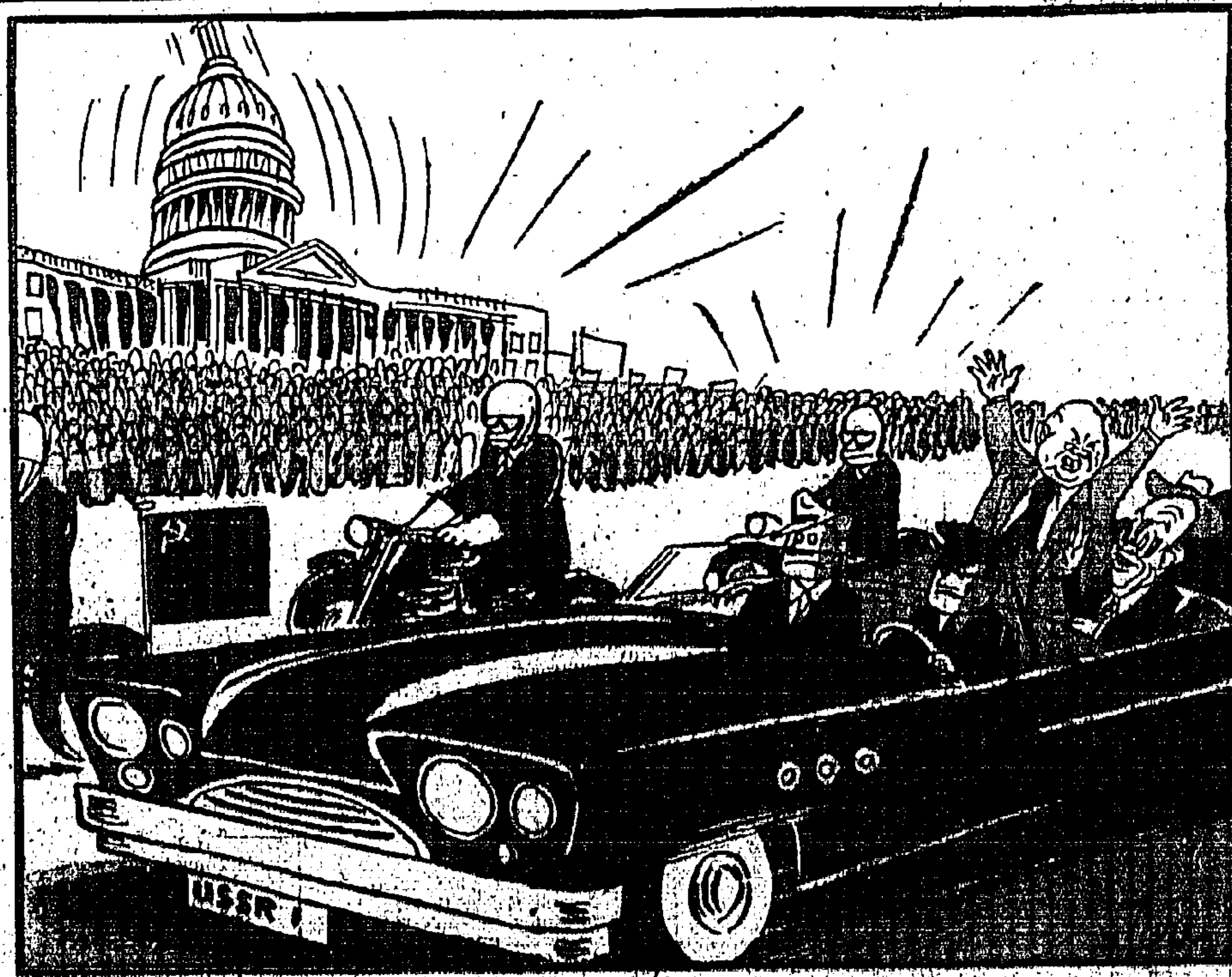
Then as if to cap it all, a second typhoon was reported heading for the Colony by the Royal Observatory. According to a report from the Manila Observatory, at 10.30 a.m. on the second, a typhoon was centred some 132 miles East of the Colony, moving NW, straight for Hongkong. But fortunately this one died out.

Looking at the quiet residential area of Kowloon Tong as it is now, it is hard to imagine what it looked like after the typhoon had finished wreaking havoc.

"The area bore every appearance of having been visited by a vast fleet of bombers. Roofs had been blown off, walls blown in, and everywhere was a complete shambles. In addition the whole area was seriously flooded," a China Mail correspondent said.

On September 3, one editorial writer concluded his summing up of the results of the typhoon by saying:

"... who can altogether quash a sneaking feeling that they have been through an experience something of a lark."



"That rumbling noise? Oh, it's just Foster Duffin turning in his grave..."



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Anne Scott-James

presenting the **MAN-MADE WOMAN**



Picture by David Collins
A man's good tailoring on a woman's curves makes a suit which is sheer good news. Of chestnut brown tweed by Dior (London) at Harrods. The fox fur busby is the hat of the season.

This season's subtlest engineering job puts new shape into your superstructure!

LOOK out, lady, there's a man behind you! For the first season since the sack slopped its way to fame, there's a man making your suit, a man padding your shoulders, a man tearing the herringbone tweed off his back to provide your autumn dress.

Ask me to pinpoint the most important story of this varied, stimulating fashion season, and I'll put it at this way.
The old clothes were "run up." The new clothes are "built." It's a big year for the tailor. I don't mean for a moment that the new clothes are square, hard, or military, or designed for female battleaxes in the thirties.

They are designed for the right curves, and they are made in supple materials, but they are constructed with a man's technique.

HIDDEN

In a dressmaker suit, most of the work is in the cutting and machine sewing. In a man-tailored suit, all the vital work goes on under the surface, and magnificent workmanship is often hidden by the silk lining.

All the detail stitching is done by hand and based on a canvas frame. Padding is often used. Steaming and ironing are a major moulding process. When you take off a tailored

suit at night, it should practically stand up alone.
So look (thank heaven!) for clothes which do not slop, sag, bag, or look as though you had cut them out with nail scissors and run them up in an evening sitting on the bed.

PRECISION

LOOK for coats, suits, and even dresses made with a man's precision.

Look for the materials: a man loves a herringbone, a tweed, a chalk-striped flannel, dog's-tooth and Prince of Wales check, all softer and finer than you dreamed a tweed could be.

Look also for a dozen signs of a man's rising influence: the longer jackets, the wider shoulders, the hard-brimmed hats, the evening suits.

If you are a fluffy little woman, this is really not your season, dear.

As you've spent the last two years lying in an Empire dress on a Recliner couch, you've had a good run for your money, and it's time you moved over.

WHEN A BABY IS A STAR TURN

NEWER than an elopement, smother than an Oscar, the latest gimmick for a film star is a baby.

For purposes of publicity, the pram is mightier than the Cadillac.

Just having a baby is not enough, of course. It might not be noticed. A shrewd star will develop an extraordinary theory of child welfare, such as feeding it peanuts at birth, or training it as a torch singer at six.

This has been a good week for news of the film-star babies. Portland Mason (10) cannot make up her mind whether or not to accept the part of "Lolita."

The James Masons' pet theory has always been to treat her as an adult and let her make her own decisions.

"I don't think she will take the part," said Mrs. Mason. "She feels she is too young—Lolita was 12. But she is very amused about it."

Mickey Hartley (8 months), son of Rayne Harlow, has been hitting the high spots at

Blackpool, being photographed against the illuminations.
"We thought everyone would just love to see him," said his father, holding him aloft for the crowd to admire.

Chantal Lister (5), daughter of Melina Lister, has begun making gramophone records. Chantal plays a sort of stogie to Mummy, who recites "Diddle, Diddle," "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," and other tales of innocence.

I expect I'm jealous because my own little loved ones are not getting in the money. Believe it or not, I still have to pay for their sweets.

But Portland, Mickey, and Chantal seem to me sad little money spinners.

(London Express Service).

LADY LUCK

your **CHINA MAIL** horoscope

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 18): Your financial position ought to be revised; at present you seem to have more outgoing than income, which must inevitably lead to insolvency.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A very talented person who lacks the necessary confidence needs your encouragement.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Do not jump impulsively into a venture no matter how attractive it may seem; you might only regret it later.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): At a gathering tonight you will derive unexpected pleasure from the spontaneous good spirit prevailing.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): A meeting of friends which was planned to celebrate an anniversary will fall flat due to an important member having been called away suddenly.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): On receiving a telephone call from a visiting relative you should arrange a party on the spur of the moment, and it will come off with a bang.

LEO (July 22-August 21): The apparently excellent

idea you have to improve the work on which you are engaged should be submitted to a senior for his approval.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): If you are hesitating about starting a certain line of action, do not let anybody force you into it.

LIVRA (September 23-October 22): No matter how generous a nature you have, this seems to be the moment to call a halt to impulsive giving.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): You will be relieved to learn that a heavy responsibility which you bear and don't particularly relish will be removed from you.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): You will have the time and opportunity today to visit an out of the way place which you have been longing to see for a long time.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Don't let trifles upset you unduly; in a few weeks you will look back and fall to understand why you worried so much.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named JUDITH may have some special significance.



MANY a lady's handbag or man's pocket is bulging these days with some kind of inhaler. There is a tremendous sale for them among the world's asthmatics.

Most of these inhalers have one common ingredient; they contain adrenalin in one form or another. The question is: are these nasal sprays harmful and, if so, what organs are likely to suffer?

There is a delicate lining to all the myriads of passages in the lung which may become very annoyed by having to live in an atmosphere of adrenalin vapour. If the annoyance continues the patient may develop a chronic bronchitis in addition to the asthma for which the spray is being used.

Emergencies

On the whole, these sprays are best kept for emergencies only. If you are due to address a learned audience on some subject about which you are feeling rather shaky and the prospect suddenly sets up an attack of asthma, a few pumps from your inhalation machine may do a lot of good.

It can also be used when your supply of tablets is exhausted, or if a further supply is not available. Don't get into the habit of using a spray as a regular routine.
Sprays are being used for another complaint akin to asthma—hay fever. The risks of getting unhappy side-effects are fortunately less because hay fever is a seasonal complaint. Sufferers generally use their sprays after the harvest and never think about them until the next season's pollen starts to blow about.
The two drugs chiefly in these sprays contain either ephedrine in some form, or other, or cortisone.

Cortisone is now used in several different forms, and in most parts of the world its use is controlled by doctors. No one should start using these drugs without getting medical advice. In some cases there can be serious ill-effects.

Snuff

Snuff is still inhaled in vast quantities throughout the world and has even been recommended by eminent authorities as a preventative against colds. Used properly it doesn't reach the lungs and it only about one gram is taken daily snuff can cause very little harm. Some smokers have found taking snuff a cure for smoking. It is certainly much cheaper than tobacco and doesn't cause a cough.

The drawbacks are that it can ruin your sense of smell. This is a more serious disability than we often imagine. If you can't tell the difference between the smell from a cooking gas stove and a nicely smoldering pan of stew you can get into serious trouble!

There are also a few people who get a dry, irritable nose following the use of snuff.
There are still several old-fashioned drugs used in inhalation form. The commonest are camphor and Friar's balsam.
Dissolved in hot water and inhaled, they make a nice refreshing smell and the patient with a bunged-up nose and sinusitis feels that he is doing something for himself—which is probably their chief use.

FEMINASCOPE FINDS OUT

HOW YOU CAN COLLABORATE—AND STAY MARRIED

A COUPLE who collaborated on a musical play and still managed to stay married are Nina and Jimmy Thompson, who wrote the words and music for "The Quiz Kid," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

"The collaboration," says wife Nina, "was not, to put it mildly, amicable. Happy collaboration between two people, no matter how in tune they are, is impossible."

"Jimmy and I are so different you see. He's gregarious, likes lots of atmosphere. I'm precise, practical, factual, and like to write everything down and number it."

"Jimmy invents the characters and then they create the situation. I get a situation and have to think of a character to fit it."

"And when we've got the characters, the trouble starts. I usually had my best ideas at six o'clock in the morning. As Jimmy is incapable of thinking at all in the morning, I used to lie there wondering whether I should tell him."

"I never resisted the temptation—I never learned. And I always got the same furious reception. It was a terrible idea."

"By evening he was willing to admit that perhaps it was quite a good one."

"Eventually, as Jimmy knew more about stagecraft, he created the characters and the situations, and I concentrated on the story line, the lyrics and the music."

"Neither of us can play the piano, so we hummed the tunes into the tape recorder."

"Yes. There was considerable disagreement. Collaboration is like playing to a miniature audience of one. And when you're married to the audience, it is not always an appreciative one."

SOLDIERS AND THE CHEMISTRY OF LOVE

THE Guardsman's beard, the Highlander's sporrans, and the field-marshal's plumes are all sex symbols, zoologist Dr. Charles Goodhart told the British Association recently. So Feminascope put the point to the soldiers.

"The beard as a sex symbol? I feel that any query regarding the symbolism of the Household Brigade beards should be referred to the brigade-major," said Colonel Alexander Gregory Hood, of the Grenadiers.
"I honestly never thought of it as such," said the brigade-major.
"In fact, now I am thinking about it I should say exactly

Like Her Grandma

By GAY PAULEY

SHADES of the gaslight era. Today's chic bride wears a wedding dress copied right from grandma's day.

Unpressed pleats "cascade" into short trains. Other full-length dresses have amply fitting, figure-moulding fronts with high-rising waistlines and Watteau backer. One of this Watteau group features four tiers of Swiss organdy sweeping from just below the back of the neck into a train.

★ ★ ★

Embroidery, a major trend in daytime fashions this year, runs through the bridal collections also. Eyelid embroidery trims the scalloped, five-tier skirt of one gown in Swiss organdy.

And to provide that back interest which Hamburger described, one enormous skirted number has a back flounce edged in applique.

"Fashion trends generally affect bridal gown styles," said Hamburger. "Paris has been looking back...look at how tunic and bell sleeves and papes have been revived."

"Today's bride, looking back, skips her own mother's era—her mother probably was married during the depression years. But her grandmother's was a happy time...so she copies from it."

Leading fabrics are organdies, organzas and laces. For full, soft, traditional, but Hamburgian, said there is a growing popularity for silk ponge de soie—which actually is becoming a year round fabric.

When it's important to look your very best...

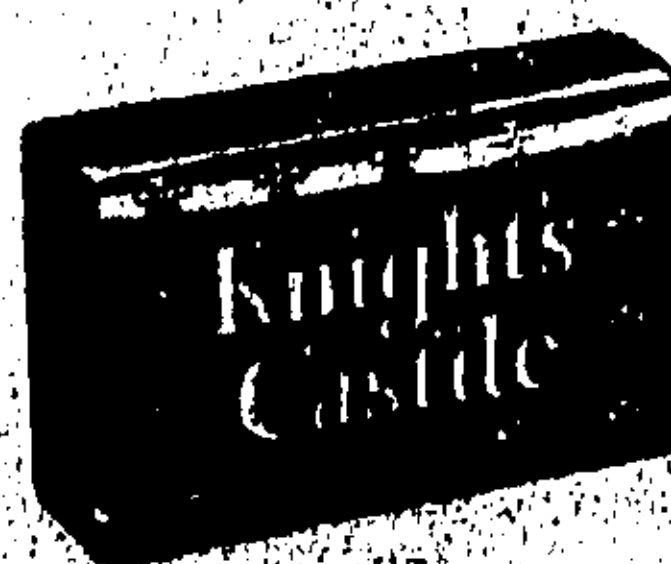


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You'll never look "over-made-up"...your skin will glow with the softness of candlelight...and this is the perfect look! Use the liquid alone for a dewy look...add matching loose powder for a translucent matte finish.



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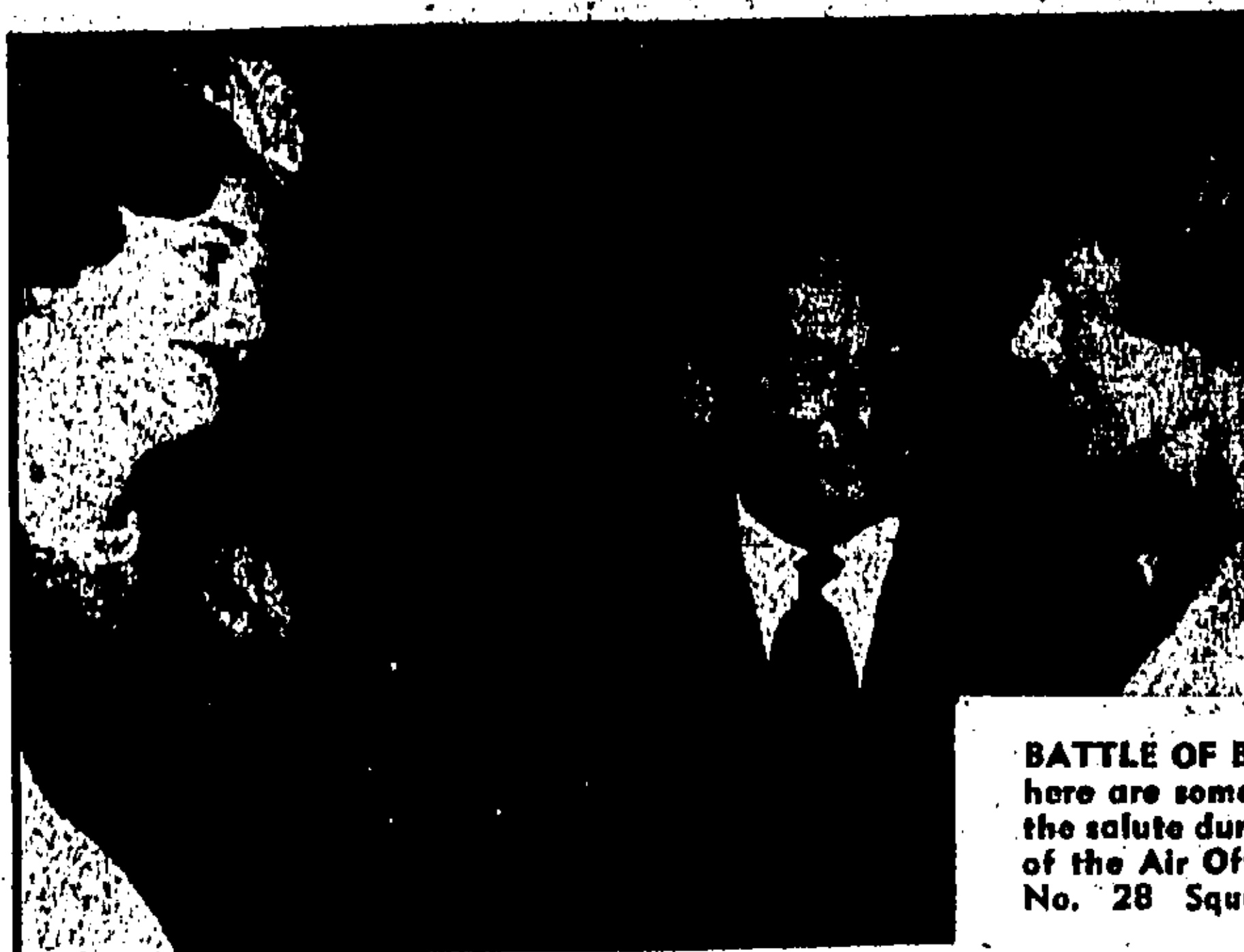


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Look
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WITH

Knight's Castle
TOILET SOAP





BATTLE OF BRITAIN WEEK came to a close on Sunday with a stirring parade and then a church service. Seen here are some of the week's highlights. ABOVE—Mr C. B. Burgess, Officer Administering the Government, takes the salute during the parade at Statue Square; LEFT—Mr and Mrs Burgess (left) chat with Mrs P. D. Holder, wife of the Air Officer Commanding, during a cocktail party at the Hongkong Jockey Club; RIGHT—the standard of No. 28 Squadron is brought into St John's Cathedral for the special services by (l-r) Sgt T. Devine, Flight Lt D. A. Stevenson and Sgt M. N. Mitchell.



ABOVE: Max Tailleu, fast-talking comedian from the Netherlands, seen clowning with a rickshaw and a pretty friend at the Star Ferry concourse recently. He was in the Colony for a short rest.



ABOVE: Mrs R. O. Hall, wife of the Bishop of Hongkong, seen opening the St Peter's Church clinic at Castle Peak on Sunday.



ABOVE: Pretty Miss Wijn Yoo, first Korean woman magazine journalist ever to come out of her country, relaxes after a luncheon in her honour at the American Club last week with her hosts, Mr and Mrs Andrew J. Steelman. She is here on a short visit gathering material for a series of articles on women in Asia for her magazine.



ABOVE: Mr Hin-shing Lo gives a speech during the inaugural meeting of the Federation of Clansmen's Associations of Hongkong held last week at the Kwong Chow Restaurant.



ABOVE: Mr K. C. Wong explains his painting technique at an exhibition of his work held at the British Council recently.



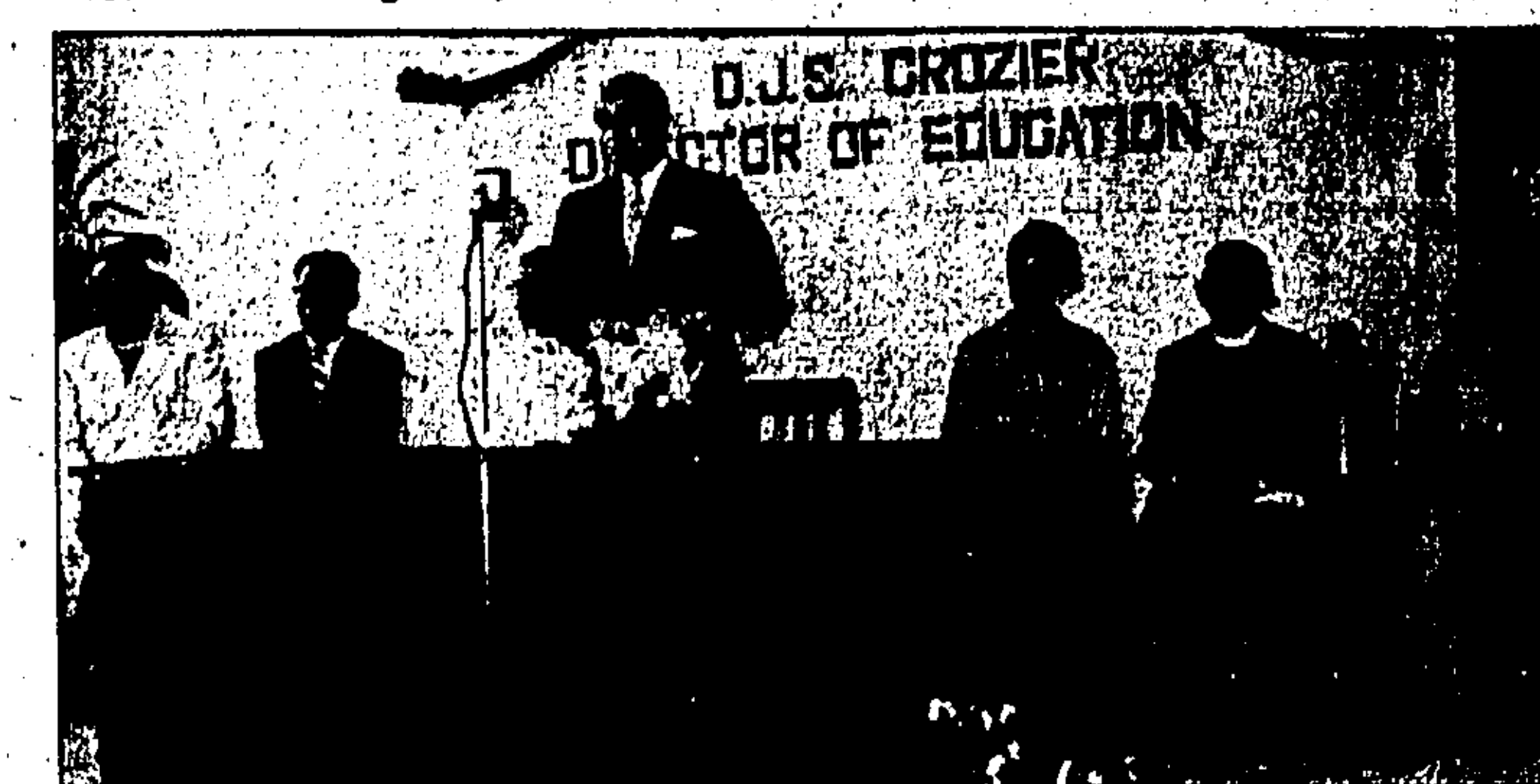
ABOVE: Mr H. W. E. Heath, Commissioner of Police, is seen with the 24 Chinese residents who received from him letters of appreciation and monetary awards this week for assisting the police in the suppression of crime in Hongkong.



ABOVE: A game being played at a party held at the University of Hongkong this week to welcome new undergraduates.



ABOVE: Miss Irene Sung (right) and Miss Phoebe Tsui (left) seen at Kai Tak Airport shortly before their departure for the United States to further their studies.



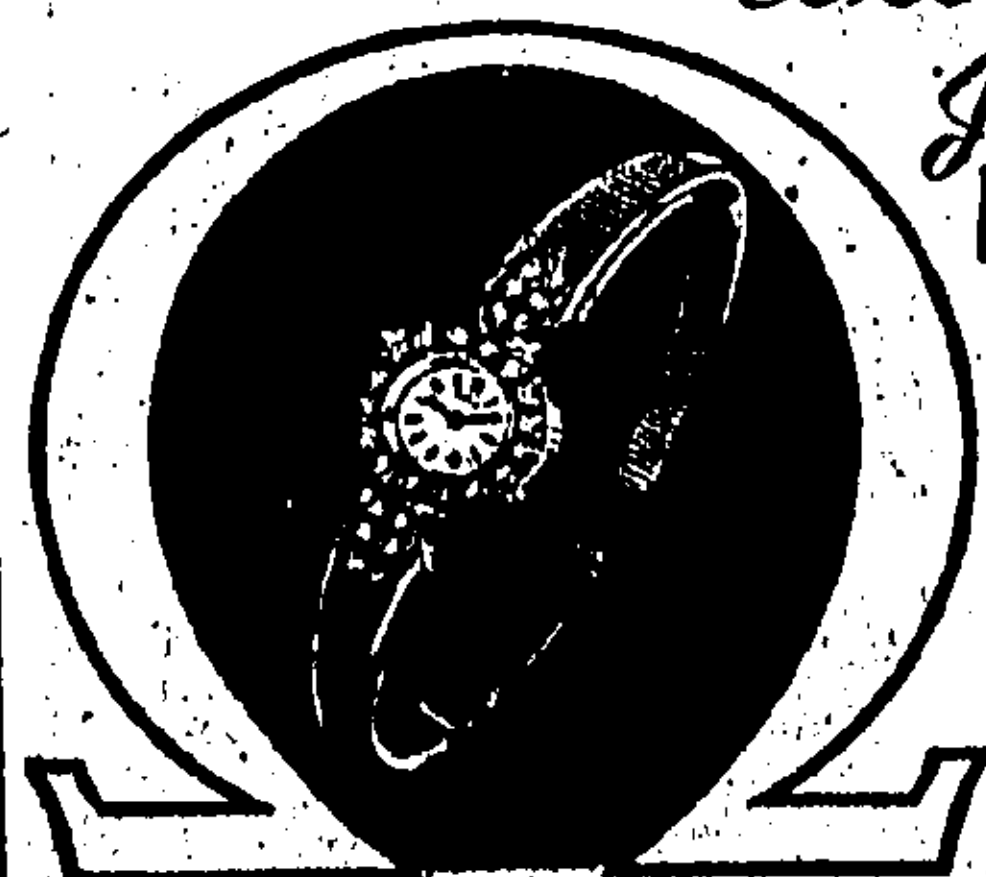
ABOVE: Mr D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, giving a speech during the opening of the St Peter's Church School in Aberdeen recently. Seen (l-r) are: Rev. Fr. C. Yath, Mr C.Y. Tse, Rt. L. Mancarini, Mr Crozier, Miss C. Crozier, Rev. Fr. T. Ryan, and Miss J. A. Shewan.



ABOVE: Mr Tan Khau-siong (left), Chief Manager of the Chi Yu Banking Corp., presents a trophy to Mee Yau-fai after the annual Chinese Bankers' Club swimming gala held at the Victoria Park Pool recently.

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ABOVE: At the Club de L'Est reception for the new Portuguese Consul-General, Senhor Dr. J. E. N. de Oliveira Paquito (l-r): Senhor Dr. Paquito, Mr. H. A. de Barros Botelho and Mr. M. Pereira.



ABOVE: Mr Patrick Hamilton (LEFT), director of Lloyd's Bank, and Lady Hamilton, arrived in Hong Kong recently in the course of a world tour. Mr Patrick is seen here with Mr J. E. Saunders, U.K. Trade Commissioner.

New **PHILCO** Pull-Out "LAZY SUSAN" SHELF

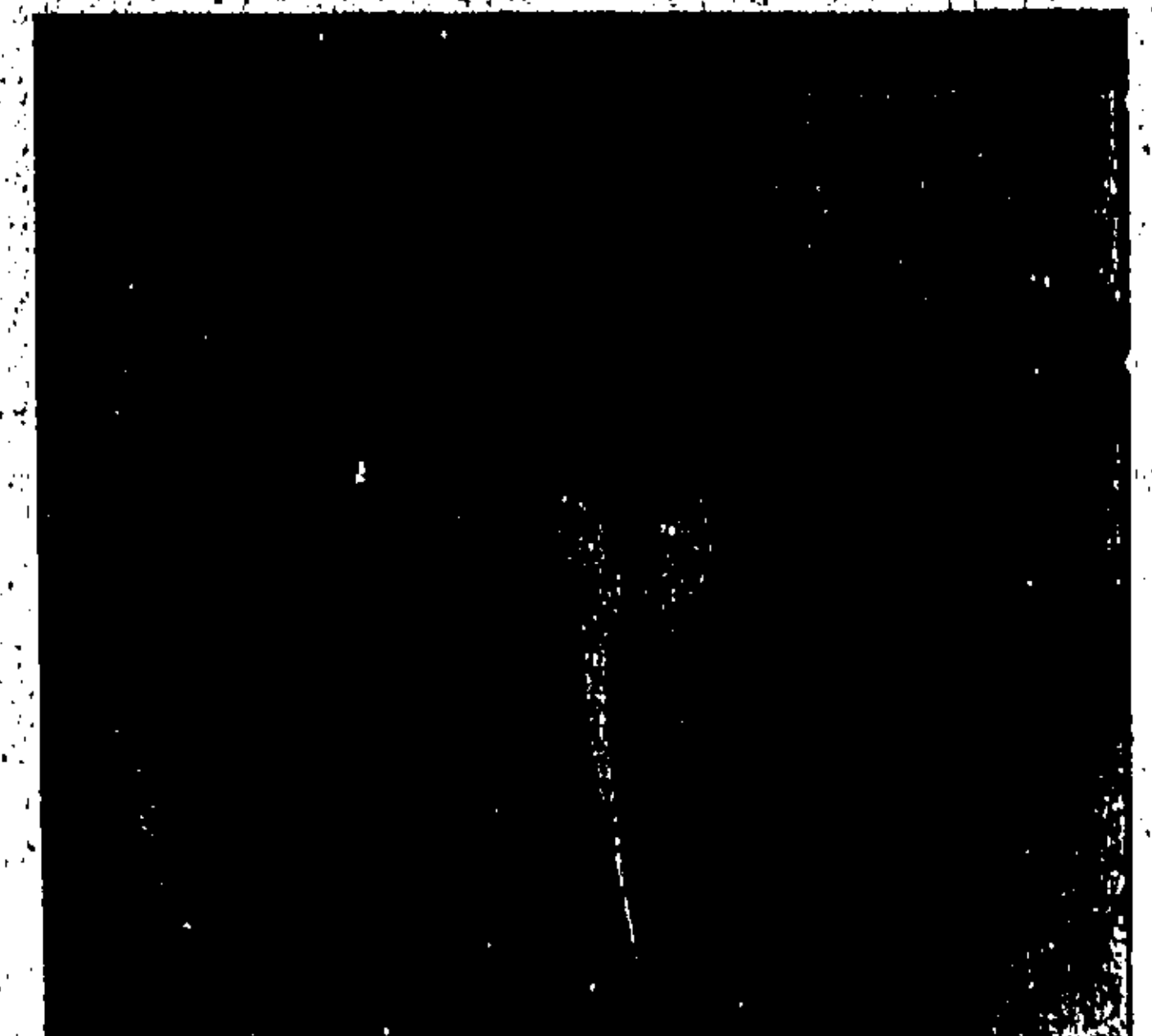
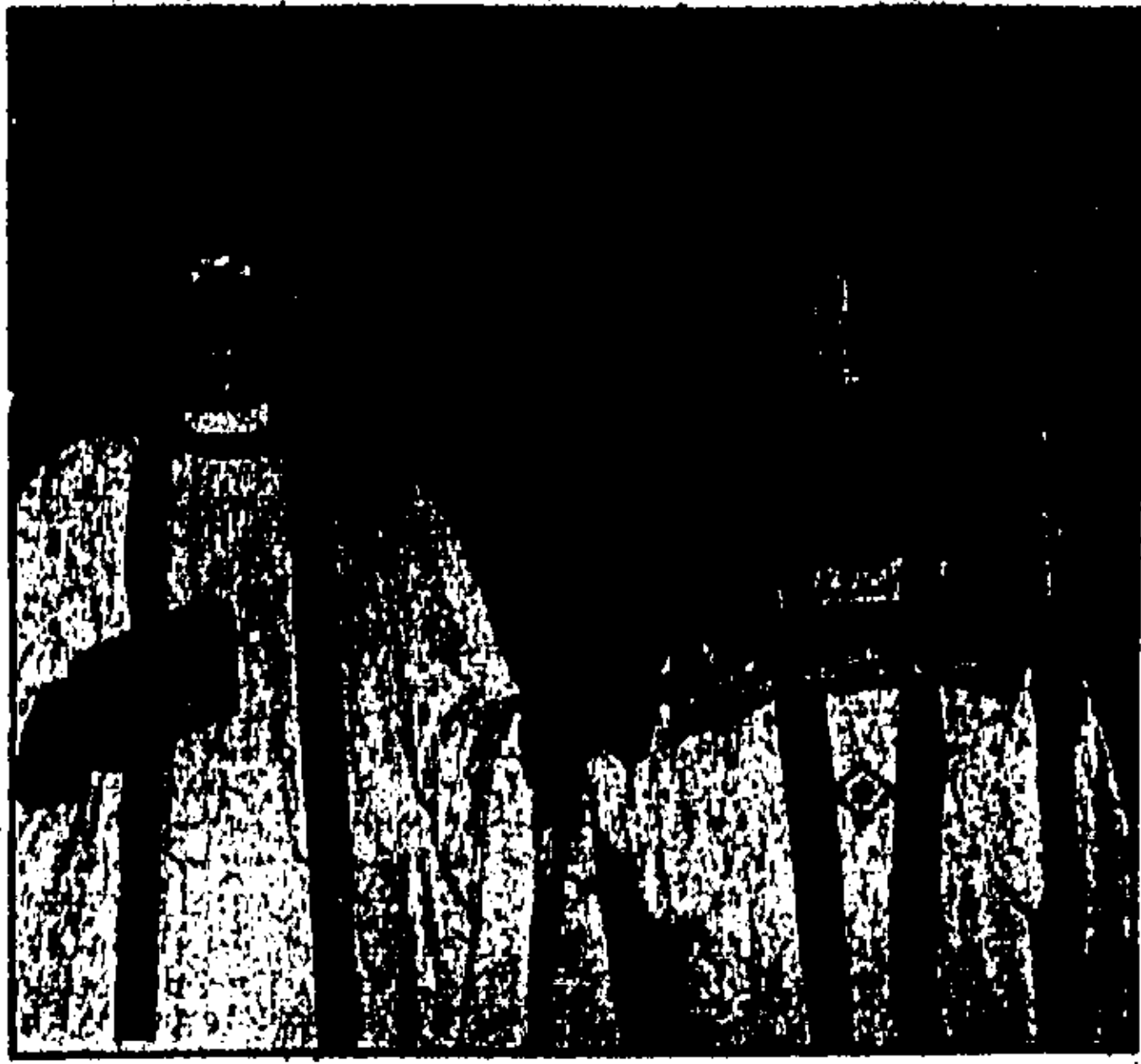


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GILMANS

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LEFT: The Rev. Ernest Fisher (left) was ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop R. O. Hall (right) at St John's Cathedral this week.

ABOVE: Roman Catholic Bishop, Monsignor Lawrence Bianchi, conducted a service to bless the new Church of the Sacred Heart at Saikung, New Territories, recently. Here is a scene of the procession during the rites.

RIGHT: At the Air France cocktail party to meet Mr A. J. Anderson, the airline's new sales officer in Hongkong (l-r): Mr William Wright, Mr Aloise de Boismenu and Mr Anderson.



ABOVE: At a Chinese Manufacturers' Association banquet for Executive and Legislative Councillors recently (l-r): Mr H.D.M. Burton, Mr Ngan Shing-kwan, Mr C. E. M. Terry and Mr Fung Ping-fan.



ABOVE: Airmailed from Singapore, this picture shows Mr Yan Man-leung giving a speech at the recent opening of the Exhibition of Hongkong Products in Singapore, sponsored by the Chinese Manufacturers' Association.

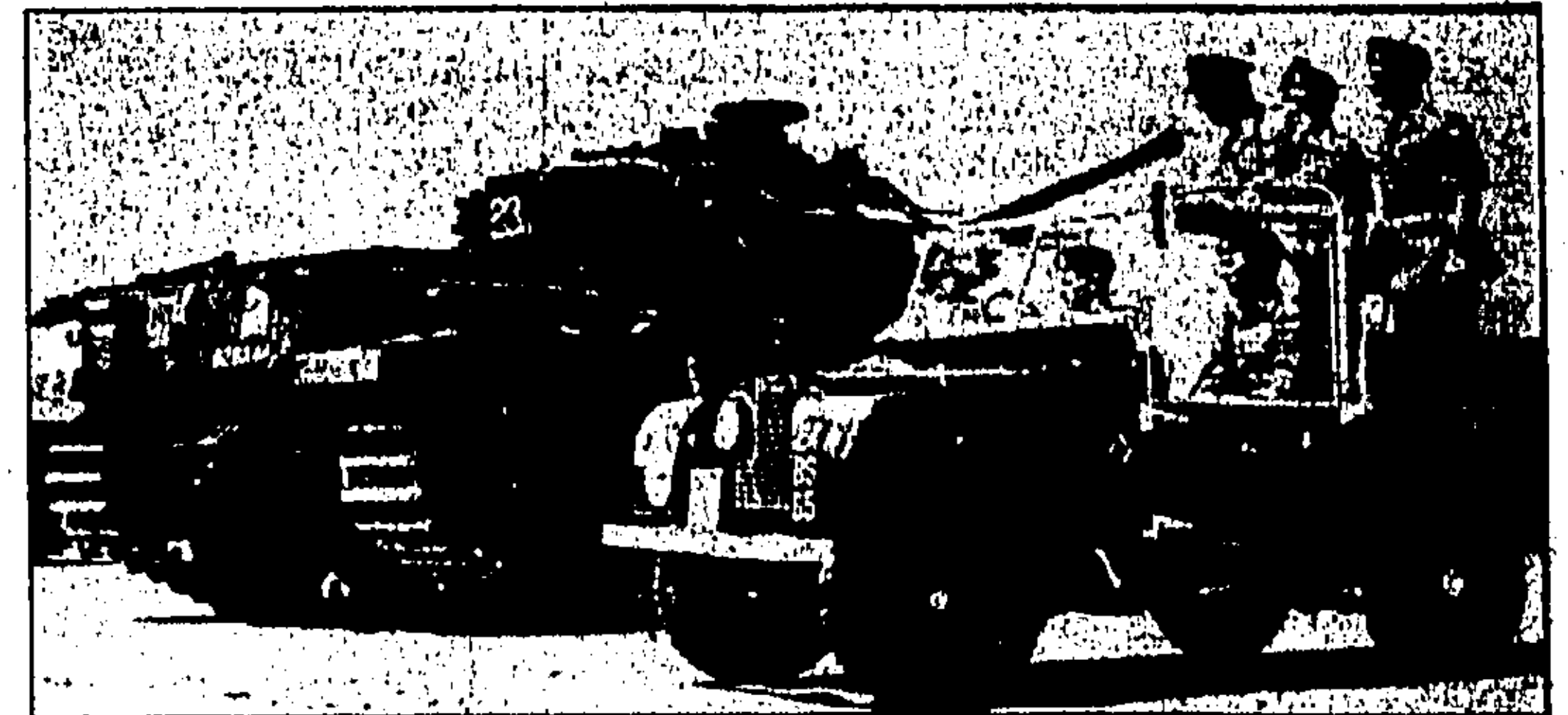


ABOVE: After holding a small bazaar on their own initiative, these six children collected \$127.50, to which Mr Billy Tingle added an identical amount. The other day they presented the money to the Society for the Protection of Children. The children are (l-r) Rita Burrows, Philippa Arrigo, Christine Farr, Dermot McMeekin. Mrs Marie Taylor is at the back.



ABOVE: Things Chinese sold well this week, when almost 300 Australian tourists came ashore from the liner Kanimbla for a three-day visit. Seen are Mrs C.C. Morgao (centre) and Mrs D.M. Langford debating the merits of Chinese blackwood furniture in a Kowloon shop.

BELOW: Mrs. C. B. Burgess (centre) chats with a student during her recent visit to the Ho Tung School for Girls in Causeway Bay. Mr D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, is on left.



ABOVE: Major General J. D'Arcy Anderson, Director, Royal Armoured Corps in the War Office (standing in jeep, 1st left), inspects the new Centurion tanks of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment at Sek Kong recently.



ABOVE: Seen at the speech day of the St James Settlement 'Auto and Electrical Classes this week (l-r): Rev. D. Crary, Mr G. R. Sneath and Mrs J. W. Foster.



ABOVE: Master Robert Boardman is seen off at Kai Tak Airport by his mother, Mrs P. G. M. Boardman, and an old friend, Mr E. E. Wallwork, when he left by Air India recently on his return to school in England.

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RIGHT: Sub-Inspector and Mrs Samuel Jones after their wedding at the Kowloon Union Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Barbara McClusky.



LEFT: Mr Lee Tiang-keng (right), Malayan Ambassador to Japan, seen when he passed through Hongkong en route to Singapore for a holiday. Mr David Chow, who met him at the Airport, is seen on left.



ABOVE: Crowds of children gather in Hongkong to watch with fascination as members of the Auxiliary Fire Service went through a veterinary drill during exercises in the district recently.

Tonight's Floorshows

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SHOW BUSINESS



THE RETURN OF
LINDA CHRISTIAN

For years Linda Christian seemed more concerned with the tinsel life of fast cars and faster millionaires than with movie-making—but now she is soon to be seen in a new film, *The House of the Seven Hawks*.

Roderick Mann

I despise most of my films, says Henry Fonda

I KNEW that Henry Fonda hated Hollywood. He has never made a secret of his contempt for the film city and the more tawdry trappings of stardom. And, articulate actor that he is, the mediocrity of many of his own pictures genuinely appals him.

He has made over 60 films. And when I met him over a drink in Mayfair, he confessed that he was bitterly critical of all but half a dozen.

Still lean-jawed and lithe at 54, he relaxed in a light tan suit and sipped a gin-and-tonic.

Bitter pride

"I'm not a Boy Scout," he said. "I say what I think. And the truth is I despise most of the films I've made. Even talking about them embarrasses me."

"But you've made some great pictures," I said.

"One or two. And they never did any business. Look at *Twelve Angry Men*—which I produced. I was proud of that. It won awards all over the world. But nobody went to see it. And, because it was a flop, I found myself rated bad box-office. A man like Bill Holden

can have an occasional flop and get away with it. But not me, apparently."

He fingered his glass, chill with ice-cubes.

"I've had successes, of course. Like Mr. Roberts. But I despised that film. It was ruined by its co-director, John Ford. I had played the title role on Broadway for four years so I knew about it. Ford didn't. So he made a terrible picture."

The escape

"Then there was *War and Peace*. When I first agreed to do it the script by Irwin Shaw was fine. But what happened? The director, King Vidor, used to go home at night with his wife and rewrite it. All the genius of Tolstoy went out of the window. Inevitably, it was a disaster."

"What about your most recent film, with Leslie Caron,



FONDA... self-critic

The Man Who Understood Women?"

Fonda stared hard at his drink, revolving the ice slowly around inside the glass.

"I haven't seen it yet, but my wife has. She hated it. So I don't know what to think."

"I live in New York now." He went on: "And if I never saw Hollywood again I wouldn't worry. It's a sterile community—and when I left in 1947 to do a New York play I was delighted. I stayed away for seven years, and if there were enough plays on Broadway to keep me busy I'd never go back at all."

He finished his drink and got up. For the first time he smiled.

"Let's hope there are a lot of plays," he said.

Offer declined

In the new Ava Gardner picture, *The Fair Bride*, set in Spain during the Civil War—there is an American journalist called Hawthorne.

The character is based on Ernest Hemingway, who, of course, was in Spain during that unhappy time.

The other day the film's director, Mr. Nunnally Johnson, had an idea. The character was based on Hemingway—so why not invite the great man to play the part?

An emissary was despatched to Madrid to board the grizzly one in his hotel. And, in the bar, the idea was put to him.

"Listen," rumbled Hemingway, "I haven't become an actor yet. It's difficult enough being a writer."

"But the part was specially written into the film with you in mind," said the emissary.

"In that case," growled Hemingway, "I'll sue."

The emissary stalled for time. "Didn't Darryl Zanuck once offer you a part in a film?"

"He did," said Hemingway. "AND I told him what to do with it."

Hemingway's wife, Mary, had the last word. As the emissary prepared to leave she whispered: "It's a pity, you couldn't persuade him. Actually he's a natural-born actor."

Solution

The royal premiere to Sam Goldwyn's film, *South Pacific*—did not come off as expected. So Sam Goldwyn found himself stuck with a royal premiere and nowhere to hold it.

Understandably, nobody was more delighted to hear the news of the Queen's baby—and of her subsequent cancelling of engagements—than Mr. Goldwyn.

Porgy and Bess is now scheduled for next year.

Genius

From a Hollywood fan magazine... discussing the success of *Room at the Top*.

"These foreign movies are so wonderful. They are so different from our own. I wish I could make one like that."

"GOOD," SHE SAID. "MEAN MEANS I'M GROWING UP. NOT SUCH A CHILD ANY MORE."

(London Express Service).

Richard Greene beats the TV jinx

AFTER four years lurking in and out of thickets as television's Robin Hood, Richard Greene is returning to films.

His career represents a reversal of the usual procedure. Television series, for former film stars, usually become the road of no return.

But Mr. Greene has returned—in the company of Eva Bartok in a film called *Beyond the Curtain*.

£300 a week

"I get as much money as I was getting in Hollywood at my peak," said Mr. Greene.

At his peak he was earning over £300 a week. He does not regret the Hollywood career that failed. "I was only 19 when I started and found myself on a sudden wave of success which I was quite unprepared for."

"If it had gone on I think I would have turned out to be a pretty hollow character," he said.

As it is 41-year-old Mr. Greene, his dimpled good looks well preserved, is enjoying a well-filled and well-fed maturity. His house is extensively furnished, he owns an Aston-Martin that cost £3,500 and a yacht worth more than £12,000.

Mr. Greene is very fond of his yacht. Other actors have their walls decorated with photographs of themselves and

FILM PREVIEW

Edited by THOMAS WISEMAN

their girl friends. Mr. Greene hangs only pictures of his yacht. The room is also well stocked with trophies of the chase around the world under sail.

Part-time job

"I have noticed," he said, "that my friends become considerably more interested in yachting when I mention gin at £2.10s. a case."

To make yachting for the multitude easier, Mr. Greene is intending to go into the manufacture of yachts made out of plastic.

"It will be a part-time occupation," he said. "I believe every actor should have a second string to his bow."

In his first post-Robin Hood feature film, Mr. Greene will play an airline pilot who rescues Eva Bartok from the hands of the East German police.

"This will not be just a case of rescuing the damsel in distress," explained Mr. Greene. "These people are not cardboard figures."

This should ensure that the film cannot be confused with any television series.

Ace Paris stripper Pasquale Justand flew over

for one day's dancing in the Soho strip-club sequence of the film *Beat Girl*. The theatre was full of hipped extras all looking like tired businessmen. At the end of a strenuous day, Miss Justand remarked: "I am very weary. The audience was not sympathetic."

Unfinished

Julia Lockwood—17-year-old daughter of Margaret Lockwood—went to the Chelsea Embankment for her first love scene in a film called *Please Turn Over*.

The love scene was never completed. It seems that the Chelsea Embankment is too noisy for love-making these days. They will shoot the scene at Pinewood Studios.

Self-control

Sir Michael Balcon is to make a film in Israel based on the Biblical story of Ruth.

"I hope no one will confuse my film with any of the extravagant, flamboyant films of this kind being made at the



Gina and Frank get together

moment," he said. "This is not going to be conceived in any exotic fashion."

There will not be a cast of thousands. He says: "In those days communities were quite small."

This is going to demand great self-control from Christopher Lee, who is writing the script. The last film he wrote was *Ben Hur*.

Horror films are going soft, it seems. Christopher Lee said: "In *The Mummy* I only kill three people—and not in a ghastly way. I just break their necks."

(London Express Service).

SOPHIA GOES HOME—A STAR

HIGH above the harbour of Capri, in a hotel poised on the very peak of the sheer cliff, I sat the other day with Sophia Loren looking out across a choppy sea towards Naples, where Miss Loren was born.

Though the fare from Naples to the holiday island of Capri is only 10s. 6d., she had never been there before.

PROBLEM

As a young girl she could never afford the life and since she has been a world star her presence in Italy with her husband

band Carlo Ponti has always entailed the risk of arrest on a charge of jilamy.

But the other week, Miss Loren, who is not easily intimidated, was back in Italy with her husband—to whom she was married by proxy in Mexico.

As there is no divorce in Italy, Signor Ponti is still legally married to his first wife. Hence the problem.

Artfully, Miss Loren had chosen to return at a time when the public prosecutor was on holiday.

In his absence no action could be taken.

Signor Ponti had remained in Rome while Miss Loren was working in Capri.

"I hope," said Miss Loren, as we sat on the terrace outside her hotel room, "that things will straighten themselves out."

She was not unhappy. I have never seen anyone look less like a fugitive from justice. And as she spoke of her return to Positano, the lovely suburb of Naples where she grew up, there was no trace of nostalgia in her voice.

No trace of sentimental regret at having forsaken the simple Neapolitan life (marriage, babies, growing fat) for the complex existence of a world star and a nervous regime of dieting.

In the back streets of Positano the boys used to call her by the derogatory nickname of "broomstick" because of her skinniness.

When Miss Loren returned home she was greeted with the awe and respect which film fans invariably feel for cinema goddesses, even those they used to know as "broomsticks."

Miss Loren is too honest to sentimentalise her homecoming. "It was very difficult," she said, "it was very difficult to talk to them. They treat you with such awe—as if you were something that had fallen from outer space. I was used to being called 'broomstick'."

She said: "I was used to being called 'broomstick'."

She said: "I was used to being called 'broomstick'."

She said: "I was used to being called 'broomstick'."

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AN ASTONISHING COMBINATION . . . JACK THE RIPPER AND THE OUTSIDER

Mr. Wilson wins his toughest battle

BEHIND his spectacles the author's big mild eyes shone avidly as we set out on our tour of the Whitechapel murder sites.

Through the darkness the lights glittered from the East End's jellied-eel stalls. On grey walls the posters announced important local wrestling contests for the coming autumn.

But our little party, led by the author, was not concerned with the autumn of 1899. As we set off down Berners Street towards the London docks we were back in the early autumn of 1888. When Umid long-bearded Jews, just fled from Russian pogroms, looked in thousands throughout the East End.

And when fear of a man with a long knife lingered in the warm nights throughout August and September.

The author who led us was young Mr. Colin Wilson, now 27, the man who wrote *The Outsider*.

And the subject of our night tour was something which has obsessed Mr. Wilson since the age of 19—the brief and memorable East End career of Jack the Ripper.

Long essay

Unless you are very well up in your Wilson that obsession may surprise you.

Look, for example, at his latest book, *THE AGE OF DEFEAT*, published recently (Collins, 10s.).

It does not deal with mass murder at all. Like Wilson's first book, *The Outsider*, it is a long essay of complaint about the ideals of our age. It argues that modern novels and films and radio programmes concerned with the ordinary weak, unsuccessful man. A praiseworthy exception according to Wilson—Room at the Top. For the true hero, says Wilson, should be a man who does his damndest to shape his own life and fate.

The Age of Defeat is intelligent, provocative. I do not blame its publishers for being proud of it.

But I must also report that the book does not excite any special pride in Wilson. His hopes of fame are based on quite a different kind of book—one on a book which has recently dominated the whole Colin Wilson story.

Do you remember the outlines of the Wilson story?

It began just after Christmas 1955 when two out-of-work young men in different parts of London got such jobs with the Post Office. Within a few months both were famous. One was John Osborne. The other was Colin Wilson.

On television Wilson, chewing calmly at a pear, told the nation about his book *The Outsider*.

But the book which really interested him was his half-finished novel (title: *Ritual in the Dark*) in which a series of murders very like Jack the Ripper's occur in modern London.

For the Ripper fascinated him. His first London excursion when he came from his working-class home in Leicester had been a cyclo trip to the area of operations in Whitechapel.

Angry critics

Then, after Wilson's first decade of success, there were troubled months. The critics, piqued to see that their prize of *The Outsider* had made Wilson more famous than themselves, fell angrily on his second book of essays.

There were private troubles too. Mr. John Stewart, a Bedford, accountant, tried to horse-whip Wilson because of his friendship with his daughter Joy (who is now Joy Wilson). Mr. Stewart seized some startling pages from Wilson's *Diary*. He cried: "Read it, and wonder how I feel as a father whose daughter is in love with this man."

But Wilson was unconcerned. His only anxiety was that his publishers refused to print his huge 150,000-word novel about a modern Ripper. The very subject seemed to shock Mr. Collins.

For three years since, Wilson has worked to get the book into print. He has rewritten it. He has tried other publishers—who wanted to cut it by two-thirds. Then, just a few days ago, came the best news of Wilson's career. Out of the blue came a message from Victor Gollancz informing him that his novel *Ritual in the Dark* will be published in full next March.

What has made Mr. Gollancz change his mind? Perhaps he has grown less squeamish lately. Perhaps he has suddenly seen commercial possibilities in the rewritten book.

In any case he must be expecting a huge demand. For the book is the length of *Gone with the Wind*. Yet he will sell it at around 10s. a copy.

Robert
Pitman

ON NEW BOOKS

Are such hopes for Wilson's novel justified? For an answer I take you back to the conducted tour which he arranged for me in Whitechapel. Wilson steered his small saloon along the dark backstreets. Joy Wilson followed a well-marked street map. We stopped by the gaunt walls of an L.C.C. school.

"This was the night of the double murder," said Wilson. "A Saturday. There was a working men's club here. Mostly immigrants. They had been discussing politics until

after midnight. A little later a man riding his donkey and cart into the yard below the club and found a Swedish woman with her throat cut."

Wilson talked on. As he talked I could almost see the gesticulating hands through those lighted windows as the East End immigrants discussed social life in the streets of Jewry in 1888. And I could see the hands jerk still in horror as the terrified cart-driver ran upstairs yelling that the Ripper had struck again.

We moved on. "The Ripper must have walked back along the Commercial Road like this," said Wilson. "He had not completed his murder ritual that night. I suppose he felt he must go on. You can imagine his excitement and fear."

"Then at about 1.30 a.m. he met Catherine Edgewood. She had just been let out of the police-station cells at Blomsgate where they had taken her for drunkenness. A pity for her she was not more drunk."

Still the same
In an ill-lit courtyard, which remained the same to this day, we stood reverently at the spot where Catherine Edgewood was taken into eternal society. The tour proceeded. In a cobbled street near a vast Victorian warehouse we stopped again in the shadows.

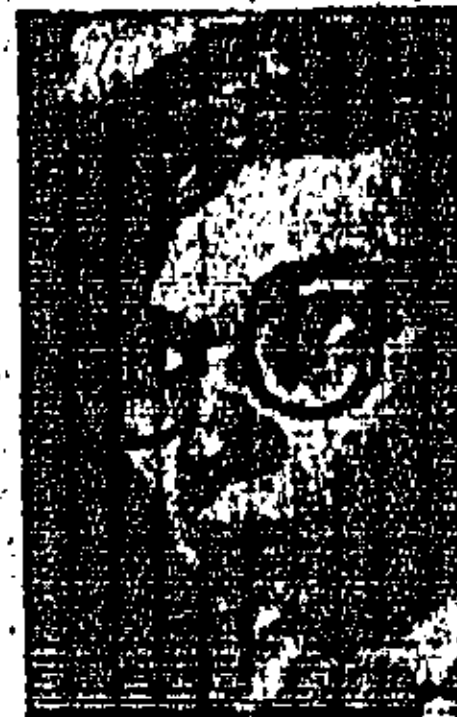
"Poor Mary Anne Nicholls," said Wilson. "She had tried to get a night's lodging in an awful doss-house over there. But she hadn't got the necessary 4d. She was waiting a new hat. So she said: 'I'll be back with the money. See what a fine bonnet I've got. I shan't be long.' Pathetic—her right nears eye."

Wilson looked at the site where Mary Anne's bonnet finally came to rest. He said: "When Joy's father took me, did he saw my notes on this murder. Obviously he thought I was a maniac."

Possibilities
The weather was more than warm. Past midnight, looking for our final site, we heard a laugh: "Beitcher, they're looking for the Ripper!"

It came from a woman shop-keeper, sitting, big and blonde, on a chair outside her shop. Her neighbours chatted with her. The intellectual-voiced Wilson joined them. In a cluster on the pavement they keenly exchanged theories about that terror-ridden autumn 71 years ago.

Already on our strange tour I had heard the evidence of Wilson's imagination and humanity when stirred by the Ripper theme. Now, as they talked together in the darkness—the Outsider and the cock-



the best news of his career.

neys—I could see the popular possibilities of that theme.

Later, when I looked at Wilson's manuscript, I saw that he has tackled it in a way that may excite the intellectuals too. Not since Dickens has a British fiction-writer dealt with murder in a book of such size and seriousness.

And I decided that that young Mr. Wilson may be on the verge of as big a step forward as he was when he was an unknown temporary postman less than four years ago. A step which may put him far beyond ex-postman Osborne.

(London Express Service).

This Fascinating Man They Called Chief

THE CHIEF, By Robert Jackson, Harrop, 21s.

SOMEWHERE in the capacious rag-bag of my memory there is a mental snapshot, dated 1938 or 1939. A policeman was holding up the traffic in the Strand immediately opposite the Law Courts.

A sturdy, composed, mildly fond elderly gentleman made his way across the road under this protection.

I was with two friends who had just been called to the Bar. They took off their hats and bowed to the old gentleman. Hurriedly, I did the same.

At the top

"Who is he?" I asked.

"The Chief," they said, in accents of youthful awe. He was Lord Hewart. He had been Lord Chief Justice of England then, some 11 or 12 years ago and was at the summit of his fame and authority.

Not perhaps the greatest man to hold his high office, not always the wisest of judges, but a fascinating, subtle and many-sided character, as Mr. Jackson in this biography makes clear. Mr. Justice Cassels, in a brief and expert foreword, observes: "A good subject only for a good biographer; Gordon Hewart was

By JOHN CONNELL

the one and Robert Jackson is the other. J. Connel's in this judgment of Cassels, J. Not because the book is written with any great distinction of style or any profound and penetrating insight, but because it is competent, workmanlike and honest. Hewart was the son of a prosperous draper in Bury.

After some years in journalism—he was a leader writer on a London evening newspaper—he was called to the Bar, where success came to him swiftly.

He was diligent, conscientious, and a fluent and energetic advocate. Like many others in his calling, before and since, he was drawn to politics.

He fought a by-election or two, and entered the House of Commons in 1913 as a Liberal MP for Leicester.

His political association with Lloyd George was close, and for many years friendly. He was first Solicitor-General and later Attorney-General in Lloyd George's war-time and post-war Coalitions.

The crisis

The great crisis of his life occurred when the first Lord Reading, then Lord Chief Justice, was appointed Viceroy of India, and Lloyd George, as Prime Minister, sought to prevent Hewart from succeeding Reading.

Lloyd George wanted to keep Hewart in the House and in the Government, and was not at all scrupulous about how he did it. Mr. Jackson gives a detailed account of Lloyd George's call-like manoeuvring, which is most exciting and revealing. He is a little hard, I think, on Lord Reading, who was an obviously unhappy accomplice in Lloyd George's going-on but had "I been Hewart? I am certain that I should never have spoken to Lloyd George in my life again. In his eighteen years as L.C.J., Hewart was an outspoken off the bench as on it. He commented freely on public affairs (it may be noted that Lord Parker is worthily maintaining this tradition); he conducted, with rather more zest than discretion, a long running fight with Sir Claude Schuster, the Secretary of the Lord Chancellor's department, who he suspected, cherished a sinister desire to establish a Ministry of Justice. Hewart emerged victorious. Traces of his earlier Liberalism were few in the last years of Hewart's life. Mellow, gay and kindly off duty he could be exceedingly stern in passing sentences. Mr. Jackson tells, again, vividly and economically, the story of the trial of the four "Mayfair men" who lured an elderly Jeweller with a tray of valuable rings to a room in the Hyde Park Hotel, robbed him and almost beat him to death.

The chief of these ruffians got seven years and 20 strokes of the "cat". Was Hewart a sadist because he imposed a sentence such as this on a supposedly educated public-school boy? Or was he fulfilling his own belief that "it is of fundamental importance that justice should not only be done, but should manifestly and undoubtedly be seen to be done?"

(London Express Service).

If you've ever been puzzled by teenagers...

—HERE'S WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT YOU

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS. By Colin MacInnes, MacGibbon and Kee, 15s.

HERE, you citizens, taxpayers, oldsters, you conscripts, sordids and squares (which means you and me, dear reader) dig this; this is what you and your city and the civilisation you have made there look like to an articulate teen-ager.

It's not very pretty, if you want to know. And if you want to know what a teen-ager's new novel, which will tell you in the authentic language and rhythm of today's young, and though you may not like it, you will certainly get a new angle on what makes these kids tick the odd way (as you probably think) they do tick. And you may begin to understand them better.

The crazy cat who tells the story is not himself typical of the teen-agers. But he lives in the middle of the teen-ager rave, understands it and is on their side.

Seeing them around in their favourite haunts, with money to spend for the first time, he says "Good luck to them!"

An anarchist

Himself he's an anarchist (non-mug is what he calls it). He has two conditions for working. One, that he does it in his own time and two, "even if you can't make big money every day, have a graft that lets you make it sometime."

So, he's a photographer "street, holiday park, studio, artistic poses, and when I can find a client, porridge!" This job takes him around a whole lot. His novel has no story—that is its great weakness. It's a protracted tour of the contemporary London teen-ager scene.

He watches the cats and their chicks in their coffee bars, disc arcades and teen-age disco shops.

He gets into the Knightsbridge-Chelsea circuit where the deb and TV personalities rub up with the William Hickey set.

He chases his chick, Crocus Sussler, who is selling for security with a rich old post from the rag-trade. And his story ends with the riots at Notting Hill where he lives because it is cheap and no questions asked.

His shots of the riots are passionate and vivid. But he really should be a bit careful about getting greedy. That's his danger, if he wants his advice, which of course he doesn't.

For what self-respecting cool teen-ager with money to spend wants advice from a square conscript like me? Which is roughly where we came in.

A BIT THICK

BILLY LIAR. By Keith Waterhouse, Methuen, Joseph, 13s.

THIS is another attempt to get into the mind of an adolescent. Billy Fisher is a young man in the provinces who, being a white collar worker, seems to have missed out on the teenage rave, and has to find some other way of working off his frustrations.

Those frustrations are suburban-minded family and a futile clerk's job in a dotty undertaker's office, (but isn't this laying it on a bit too thick?)

Billy's imagination is so active that he often carries his fantasies over the border into reality.

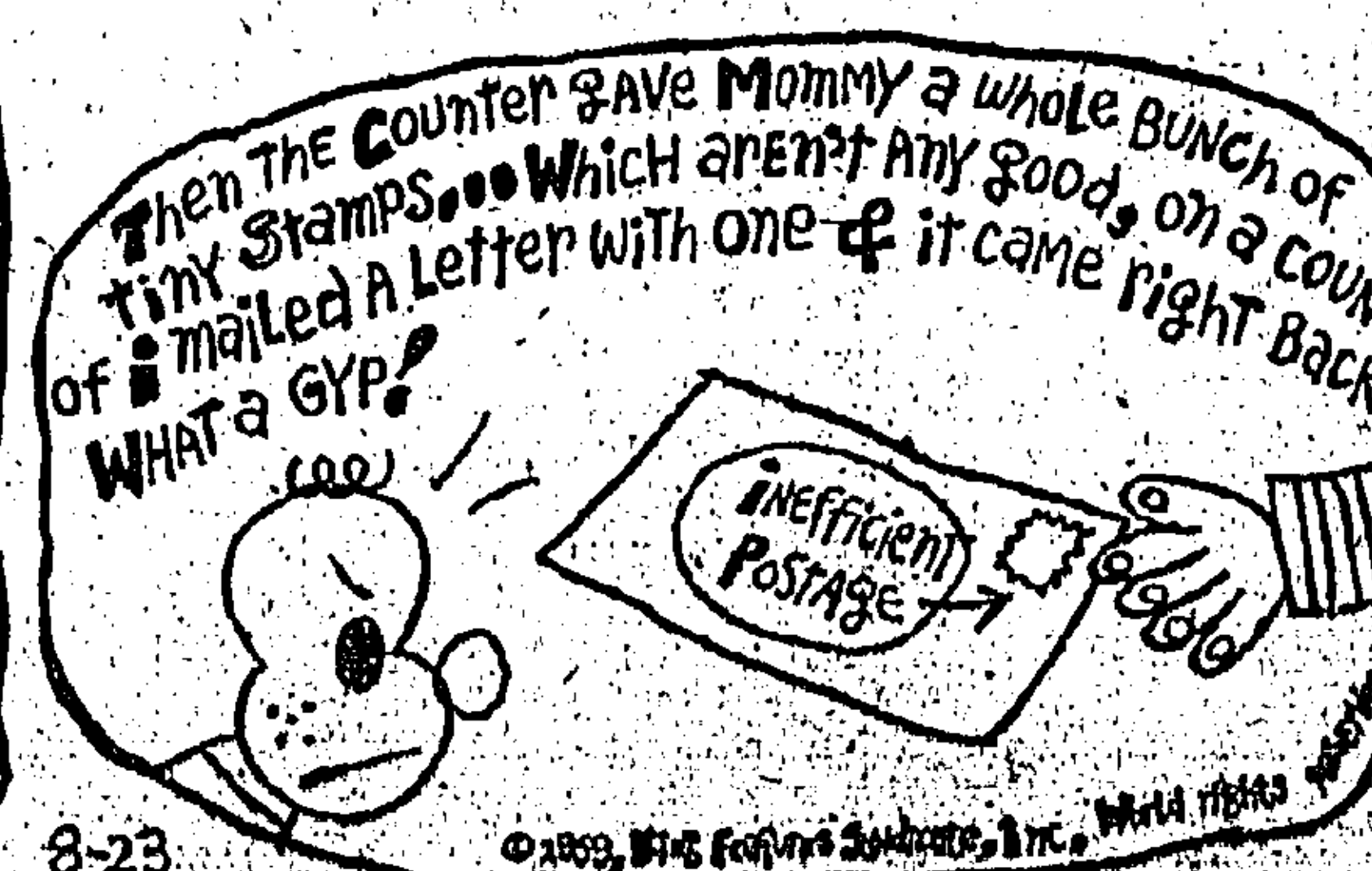
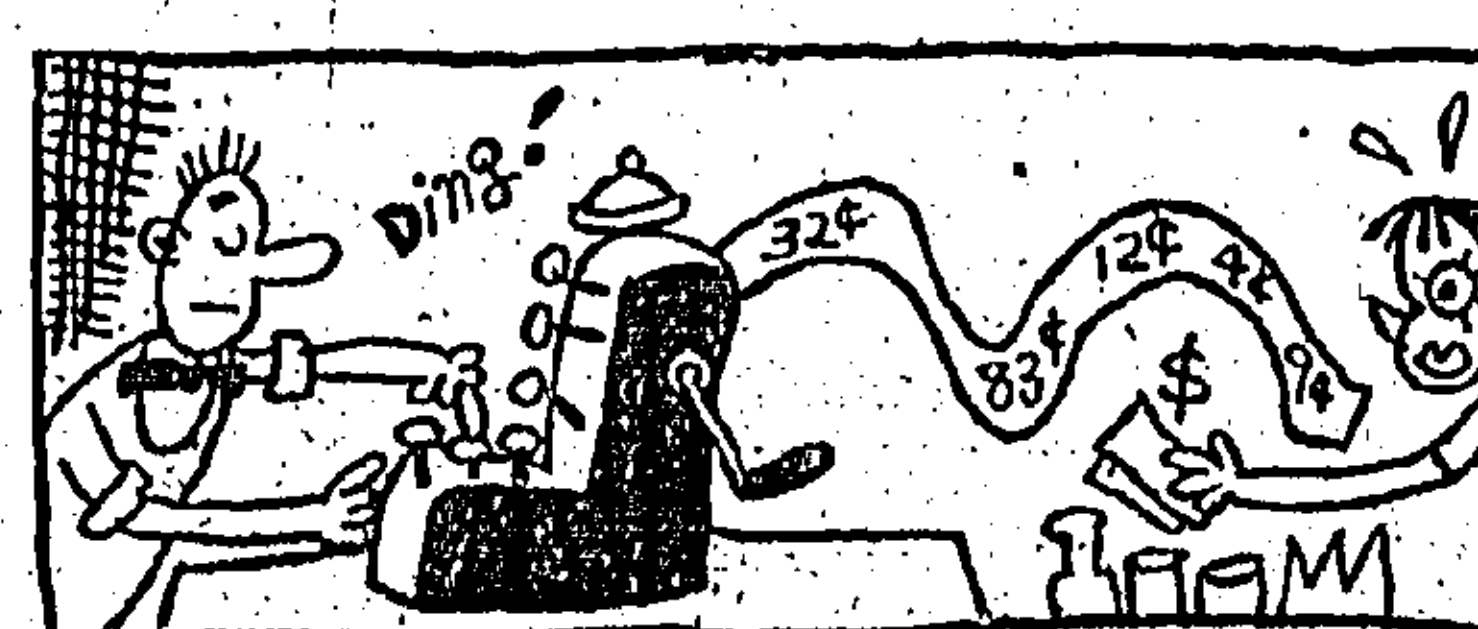
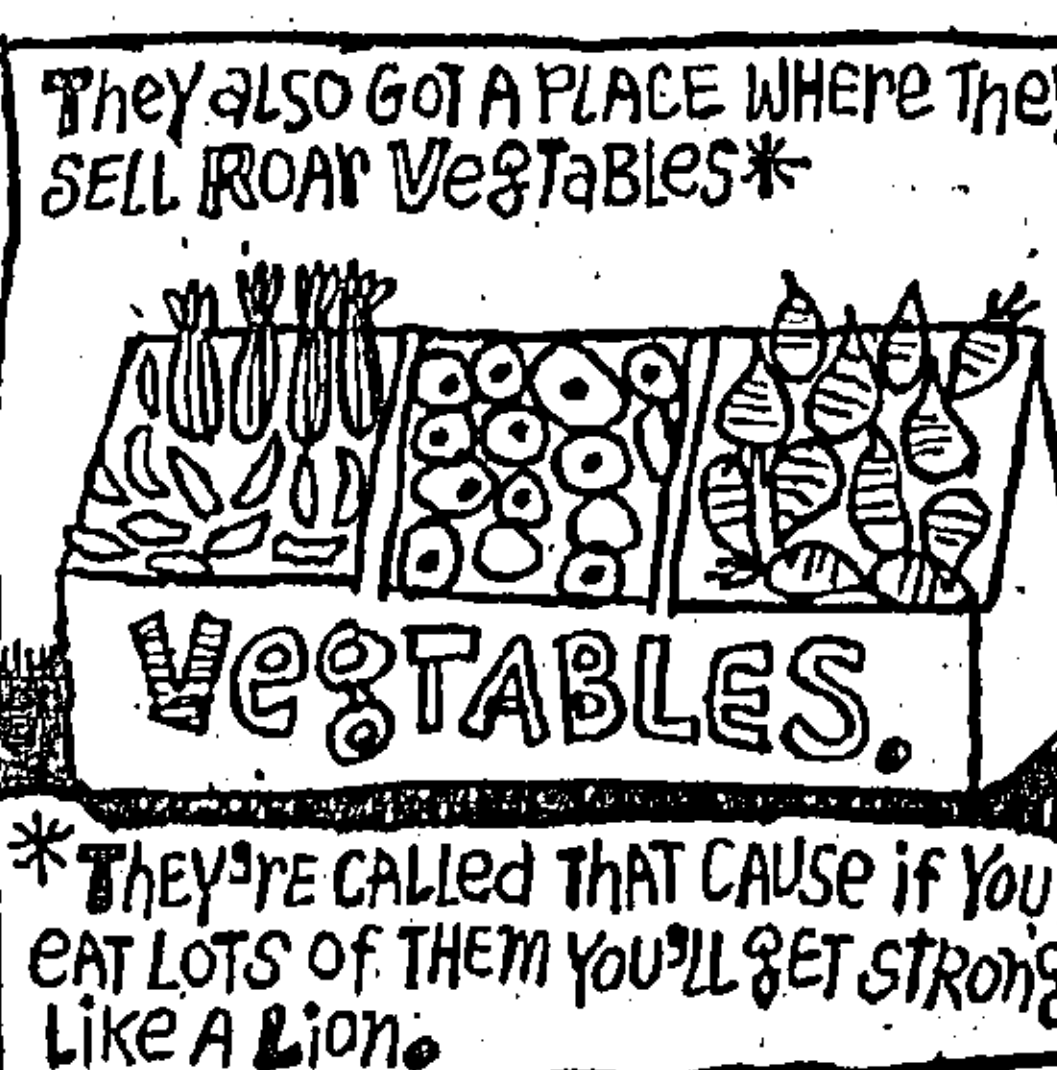
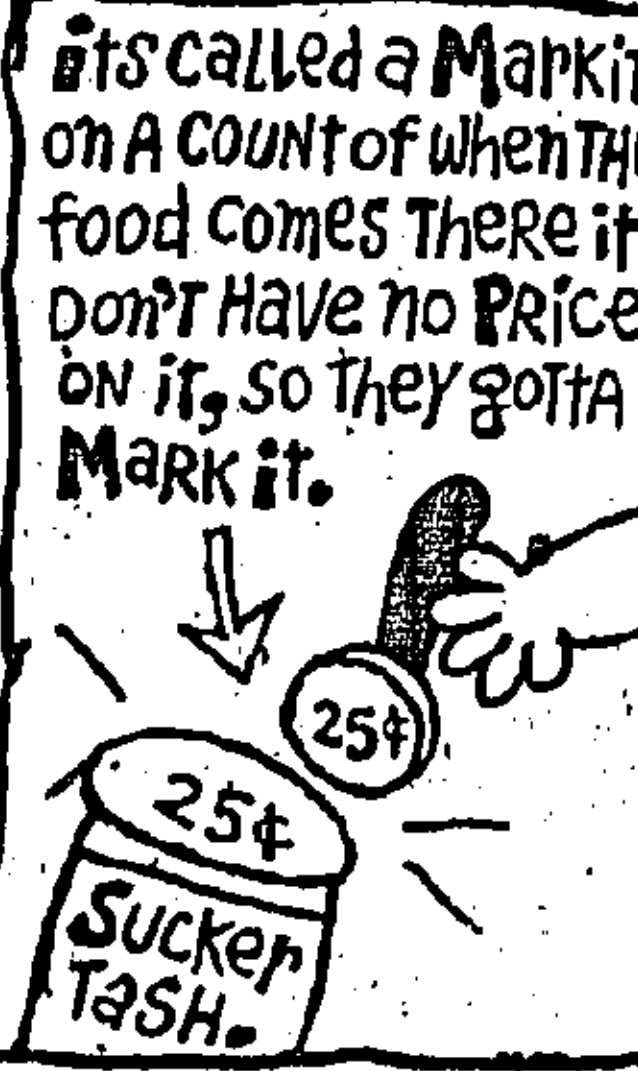
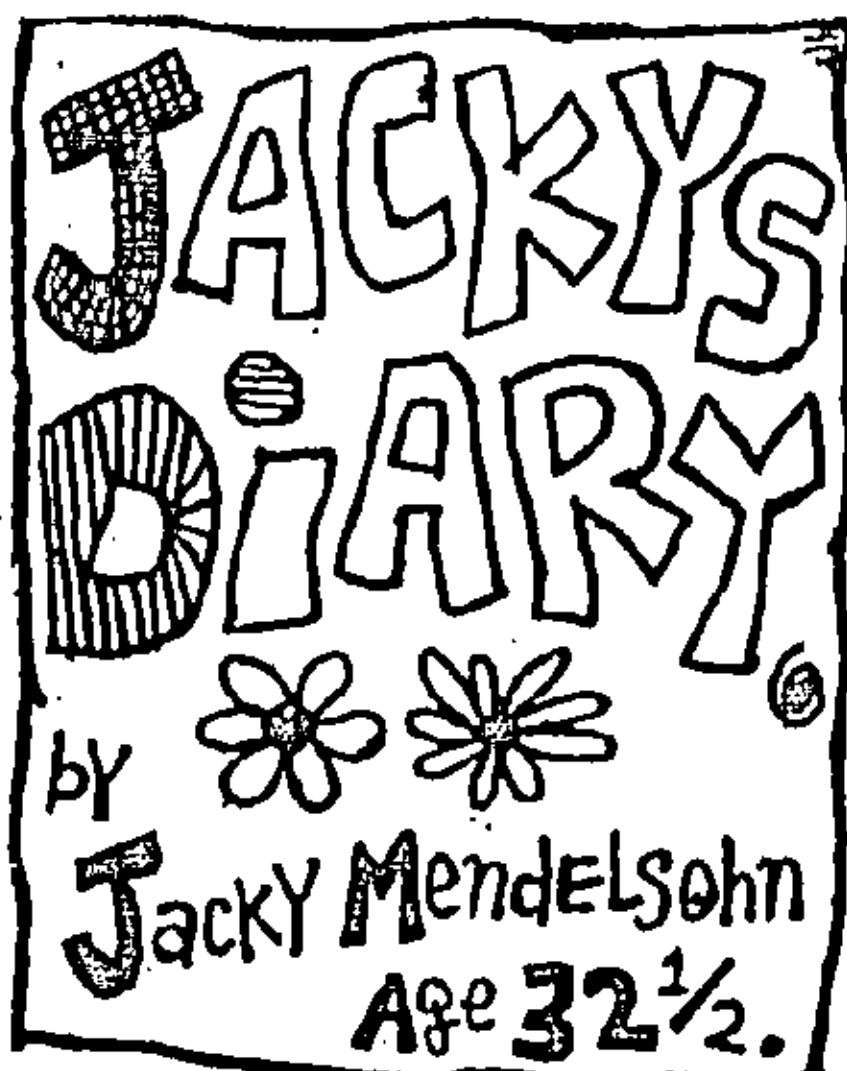
Humiliations
He gets himself engaged to two girls at once when he really fancies a third. He persuades himself that he has a job in London to go to, a scriptwriter to a famous comedian, when all he has is an encouraging letter.

We go through a whole day of these fantasies and the misunderstandings and humiliations which stem from them.

The mental and spiritual anguish of provincial, lower middle-class life is well expressed, and Billy's comical adolescent protests are perceptively and convincingly done.

Richard
Lister

(London Express Service).



WHY AUSTRALIA SHINES IN THE SPORTS WORLD

It's The Climate And Early Training

By Jack Talbot

Although Australia, on a population count, ranks as one of the world's smaller countries, in sport it must be considered as a major power. The population is only 10,000,000 but Australia's amateur sportsmen and sportswomen hold 50 world athletic records.

Sixteen of these records are track and field events, and 34 for swimming. Over and above these, a young man from Sydney, Stuart Mackenzie, is the acknowledged world sculling champion.

In the track and field section, 12 individual world records are held by four men and four girls. The other four records are for relay events.

In swimming, 20 individual world records are held, also, oddly enough, by four men and four girls, the eight other records being for relay events. It must not be supposed from the table shown below that running and swimming are the only sports occupying the attention of Australian sportsmen and sportswomen.

Just about every sport known is played, and usually played well, throughout the continent.

In the international field, Australians have also distinguished themselves in tennis, golf, cycling, hockey, ice skating, cricket, motor-cycle and car racing, Rugby union and Rugby league football, billiards, badminton, and other sporting activities.

Consider the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. In the unofficial tally of total points Australia finished third to the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. Leaving out the impressive list of firsts, seconds and thirds in track, field and swimming events, Australia won a first and a third in cycling (2,000 metres tandem and 1,000 metres scratch race), a second and two thirds in rowing (single sculls, double sculls and eight oars with cox), a third in boxing (welterweight), and a second and third in yachting (12 square metres class and 5.5 metres class).

ONE OUT OF FOUR

There were even better results at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Wales in 1958, where the Australians won approximately one out of every four possible medals.

In a total of 81 events, they achieved 27 firsts, 22 seconds and 17 thirds, finishing second only to England, which won 28 firsts, 22 seconds and 20 thirds. Australia won medals in every branch of sports and was well represented at the games, except lawn bowls.

Victories included gold medals in all events but bowls, fencing

and wrestling; silver medals in all but bowls and weightlifting; and bronze medals in all but bowls and boxing.

Eleven gold medals were won in swimming, 10 in athletics, two each in boxing and cycling, and one each in rowing and weightlifting; six silver medals were won in swimming, six in athletics, four in fencing, two each in rowing and cycling, and one each in boxing and wrestling; five bronze medals were won in swimming, six in athletics, two each in rowing and weightlifting, and one each in fencing and wrestling.

At the games Australia also had the distinction of setting four new records—three in swimming and one in athletics; of filling all three places in the mile track race, the men's and women's 110 yards freestyle swimming races, and the women's 440 yards freestyle; and of becoming the first nation ever to hold the marathon and the six-mile, mile and half-mile track titles simultaneously.

The fact that such a "small" country can produce so many outstanding exponents of a wide variety of sports has astonished the world. Such athletic prowess results mainly from early training, climate and a high standard of living.

START FROM SCHOOL

The specialised training starts in the primary school where, for the first two years (first and second grades), 90 minutes a week are devoted to the physical education of the very young (6-8 year-olds).

The bigger children in from third to sixth grade are given 120 minutes a week. This physical culture is directed by the ordinary primary school teachers, who receive a certain amount of basic instruction from the physical education sections of the various State Departments.

The training is intensified in high school, where 100 minutes a week—two 40-minute periods twice a week—are devoted to physical education, conducted by specially trained instructors, and a full-day a week to such outdoor activities as football, basketball, hockey, baseball, cricket, swimming and a wide variety of other sports. The children can make their choice from a range of recreations. For example, one boy may want to play soccer in the winter and cultivate his swimming in the summer; another at the same

school may prefer rugby football in the winter and cricket in the summer.

The new conception of physical education differs widely from the old system known as "P.T." (physical training) which was little more than an elementary system of physical exercises, an unimaginative and mechanical form of training. The modern system is designed as a complement to academic education. It aims at promoting the muscular development of the child while at the same time developing its emotional stability, all through physical activities. It seeks to cultivate sportsmanship, confidence, leadership, co-operation, and helps to create good citizens as well as good sportsmen and sportswomen.

COMPULSORY

The compulsory physical education and outdoor sports assist greatly in the moral adjustment of the children. Their recreational activities of their young days prepare them for later life. They are taught to play hard but to conduct themselves with modesty, to try to win by superior skill or tactics, to take their victories humbly and to lose gracefully.

In short, the primary and high schools all over Australia cultivate the child's natural physical energies to a pattern conducive to gaining the maximum benefit, and which permits his athletic skill and inclination to develop. It is here the foundations are laid for the success of the runners, swimmers, tennis players, rowers, golfers of the future.

When the youngsters leave high school and enter the university or start their first jobs, a way of life has been created, which they seek to perpetuate in some form of sporting activity.

Australia's climate encourages this. Tennis can be played year-round, and the southern part of the continent can use open-air pools with comfort for eight months of the year and in the northern part all the year. The year-round football teams visiting Australia in the winter have been known to complain of the heat.

MUCH SUNSHINE

Such temperate conditions and so much sunshine encourage people to open air activity, particularly sport. And Australians certainly use their wonderful environment to advantage. Most of them swim and there are nearly 40,000 "serious" swimmers registered with amateur swimming associations; a quarter of a million men and women play golf; women's softball has 10,000 registered players; 160,000 men and 40,000 women play lawn bowls; 40,000 men and 10,000 girls are registered hockey players; the amateur athletic associations have 8,000 registered members; it would be unsafe to try even to estimate the scores of thousands who play tennis, football and cricket; even "minor" activities like archery, table tennis and weightlifting each has thousands of devotees.

Leisure is plentiful, too, in which to follow a chosen sport or recreation. As part of its high standard of living Australia enjoys a 40-hour working week, which gives every one ample time to participate in athletics, swimming, yachting, football or anything else that appeals to him—or her. The high standard of living also makes available to everybody the diet essential for physical vigour—a plentiful supply of meat, butter, cheese, eggs, milk and a wide variety of fruit and vegetable all through the year.

It has been explained, that most forms and organized activity start in the schools. A youngster who likes track running will probably join his school athletic club while he is still a schoolboy. As he grows up, he will continue to compete in inter-school carnivals, he will also take part in a "sub-junior" or "inter-junior" carnivals on Saturdays. After he leaves school, he will continue to compete in club's junior ranks, then to the senior. Every week-end during

diffusion is carried out in long-course outdoor pools. Summer (December, 7th to 31st, January, 1st to 31st, February, 1st to 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st) is devoted to race preparations, and State and national championships.

Apart from hard training at vital times, John Konrad and his sister Lisa usually cover about five miles each day at the bath near their home. They rise at five, cycle to the baths, swim a couple of miles, return home, have breakfast and go to school. After school they swim another three miles. Incidentally, the youngsters have voracious appetites. They bar no food, but they concentrate on green vegetables and milk.

While sporting officials and coaches in Australia sometimes differ on methods of training, they all agree on one thing—and that is that the quality of the training in their charge is the result of the early school programme, a favourable climate, a healthy diet and the high national standard of living.

The 10 world records and Australian holders are:

TRACK AND FIELD

Men
100 yards, Hector Hogan, 9.30s (shared),
1500 metres, Herbert Elliott, 3m 36s,
5 miles, Herbert Elliott, 3m 32s,
10 miles, Albert Thomas, 12m 10.8s,
20 miles, Albert Thomas, 24m 10.8s,
30 miles, Albert Thomas, 36m 10.8s,
40 miles, Albert Thomas, 48m 10.8s,
50 miles, Albert Thomas, 60m 10.8s,
60 miles, Albert Thomas, 72m 10.8s,
70 miles, Albert Thomas, 84m 10.8s,
80 miles, Albert Thomas, 96m 10.8s,
90 miles, Albert Thomas, 108m 10.8s,
100 miles, Albert Thomas, 120m 10.8s,
110 miles, Albert Thomas, 132m 10.8s,
120 miles, Albert Thomas, 144m 10.8s,
130 miles, Albert Thomas, 156m 10.8s,
140 miles, Albert Thomas, 168m 10.8s,
150 miles, Albert Thomas, 180m 10.8s,
160 miles, Albert Thomas, 192m 10.8s,
170 miles, Albert Thomas, 204m 10.8s,
180 miles, Albert Thomas, 216m 10.8s,
190 miles, Albert Thomas, 228m 10.8s,
200 miles, Albert Thomas, 240m 10.8s,
210 miles, Albert Thomas, 252m 10.8s,
220 miles, Albert Thomas, 264m 10.8s,
230 miles, Albert Thomas, 276m 10.8s,
240 miles, Albert Thomas, 288m 10.8s,
250 miles, Albert Thomas, 300m 10.8s,
260 miles, Albert Thomas, 312m 10.8s,
270 miles, Albert Thomas, 324m 10.8s,
280 miles, Albert Thomas, 336m 10.8s,
290 miles, Albert Thomas, 348m 10.8s,
300 miles, Albert Thomas, 360m 10.8s,
310 miles, Albert Thomas, 372m 10.8s,
320 miles, Albert Thomas, 384m 10.8s,
330 miles, Albert Thomas, 396m 10.8s,
340 miles, Albert Thomas, 408m 10.8s,
350 miles, Albert Thomas, 420m 10.8s,
360 miles, Albert Thomas, 432m 10.8s,
370 miles, Albert Thomas, 444m 10.8s,
380 miles, Albert Thomas, 456m 10.8s,
390 miles, Albert Thomas, 468m 10.8s,
400 miles, Albert Thomas, 480m 10.8s,
410 miles, Albert Thomas, 492m 10.8s,
420 miles, Albert Thomas, 504m 10.8s,
430 miles, Albert Thomas, 516m 10.8s,
440 miles, Albert Thomas, 528m 10.8s,
450 miles, Albert Thomas, 540m 10.8s,
460 miles, Albert Thomas, 552m 10.8s,
470 miles, Albert Thomas, 564m 10.8s,
480 miles, Albert Thomas, 576m 10.8s,
490 miles, Albert Thomas, 588m 10.8s,
500 miles, Albert Thomas, 600m 10.8s,
510 miles, Albert Thomas, 612m 10.8s,
520 miles, Albert Thomas, 624m 10.8s,
530 miles, Albert Thomas, 636m 10.8s,
540 miles, Albert Thomas, 648m 10.8s,
550 miles, Albert Thomas, 660m 10.8s,
560 miles, Albert Thomas, 672m 10.8s,
570 miles, Albert Thomas, 684m 10.8s,
580 miles, Albert Thomas, 696m 10.8s,
590 miles, Albert Thomas, 708m 10.8s,
600 miles, Albert Thomas, 720m 10.8s,
610 miles, Albert Thomas, 732m 10.8s,
620 miles, Albert Thomas, 744m 10.8s,
630 miles, Albert Thomas, 756m 10.8s,
640 miles, Albert Thomas, 768m 10.8s,
650 miles, Albert Thomas, 780m 10.8s,
660 miles, Albert Thomas, 792m 10.8s,
670 miles, Albert Thomas, 804m 10.8s,
680 miles, Albert Thomas, 816m 10.8s,
690 miles, Albert Thomas, 828m 10.8s,
700 miles, Albert Thomas, 840m 10.8s,
710 miles, Albert Thomas, 852m 10.8s,
720 miles, Albert Thomas, 864m 10.8s,
730 miles, Albert Thomas, 876m 10.8s,
740 miles, Albert Thomas, 888m 10.8s,
750 miles, Albert Thomas, 900m 10.8s,
760 miles, Albert Thomas, 912m 10.8s,
770 miles, Albert Thomas, 924m 10.8s,
780 miles, Albert Thomas, 936m 10.8s,
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840 miles, Albert Thomas, 1008m 10.8s,
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3670 miles, Albert Thomas, 4404m 10.8s,
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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

The Toast Is 'The Souzas'

-Irene And George

Salute the Souzas. Their magnificent double achievement in winning both Colony lawn bowls singles titles is a domestic feat that could very well stand for all time in our sporting records.

It must surely be unique for a husband and wife to capture dual honours of this kind in lawn bowls. It certainly has not happened before in Hongkong and there seems to be no indication, within the knowledge of some of our best informed experts, that it has happened elsewhere. Maybe it has, but that does not detract one iota from the success which Mr and Mrs Souza have scored here right before our eyes.

With Colony sport in the doldrums a triumph like this comes as a real breath of fresh air. It brings sparkle into a period of utter drabness; personality into the commonplace; and suggests a spirit of adventure at a time when everything seems to be too much bother and when for too many of our youngsters, even convincing that the successful end justifies the striving means.

Quite apart from the very obvious statistical value of the whole affair, there is a much more important aspect... the manner in which each Souza victory was won. The Colony's two 1959 Singles Champions displayed not only ability of the highest order, they also set the perfect pattern for all who still believe that the game is the thing and that no encounter, no matter how hopeless the situation appears to be, is ever lost until it is won.

Concentration

That however is not all. They showed a high degree of concentration, an unequalled determination to fight back... but above all they showed in the very clearest way that such qualities can be exploited to the maximum without prejudice to the very highest principles of fair play and exemplary sportsmanship.

Mrs Souza set the stage for a great drama in the women's final when she cleared out Selina Silv in a tense, four struggle to get herself crowned the Ladies Singles Champion. When her husband stepped on to the excellent lawn at the Hongkong Football Club he was faced with the combined task of trying to win the men's title and make history at the same time.

Maybe at first he found the situation too difficult, but he was trying too hard; maybe it was just that he found himself pitted against a player of great ability who was already fortified with the tranquillity which comes from a great past experience of the big occasion... but, whatever it was, there was no early indication that the Souza silver collection was about to get the biggest boost of its life.

Hit Form

George's opponent, M. B. Hassan, hit brilliant form right from the start and when the score stood at 13-0 in Hassan's favour the Craigengower allrounder seemed to have about as much chance of finishing on top as I have of winning the Kwangtung Handicap... or except! Hassan would have been pardoned at that stage if he had sent a message to his home to make room for the trophy... but—as they say—there's many a slip, and with dramatic suddenness, the picture began to change. The initiative passed from Hassan to Souza. The fight was really on.

I have never seen a lawn bowls audience respond to a game as did the big crowd that watched the tense inch by inch, shot by shot battle which these two superlative sportsmen put on. It was superb entertainment if one had steady nerves; it must however have been a great test for those who were easily disturbed by the emotions of a thrilling occasion.

Each word brought its own particular quota of ohs and ahs, grunts and groans, cheers and applause. The two players responded by carrying the game to a truly magnificent climax which saw Souza hold off a late challenge by Hassan and so win a victory that had seemed far beyond his reach either on a rainy day or in a credit to Colony sport and a timely lesson on the merits of the good old fashioned never-say-die spirit.

The tonight finalists Mrs Selina Silv and George Souza have been congratulated on their efforts to reach the last stage of their respective competitions and also on their valiant and successful efforts in the final... but to sportsmen and sportswomen everywhere in Hongkong the

By I. M. MACTAVISH

toned today in "The Souzas" Irene and George." In the "winter" of the weather the "winter" sports programme really gets underway this week-end. King Soccer claims the major share of the sporting limelight but football enthusiasts will wend their way to King's Park.

There will also be an encouraging ration of stick wielding for followers of hockey, while cricketers will be hard at work bringing flexibility back to their wrists and ironing these ominous bends out of their bowling arms before submitting their action to the eagle eyes of the umpires.

Rugby too is coming to life and encouraged by the recent visit of Sir Wavell Wakefield, our local officials seem set to make the new season one of the most successful in recent years. Promising For sports fans it is a promising picture even if many of the actual participants in the various games are finding training hard going in our very trying, late summer weather.

Nevertheless the calls of fitness must be served and all credit to these men and women who are preparing conscientiously for the opening of another season. Colony football has been dragged through the mire to such an extent in recent months that the general public must be looking forward to the new league competition with fingers tightly crossed.

There has been a marked levelling out of talent between the various leading teams. This should contribute to healthier competition and provided all games are decided on their football merit, we could have a very interesting period ahead. Many keen observers will watch South China with close attention. The departure of Yiu Cheuk-wai and Leo Yuk-tak means the disintegration of their highly successful side has begun.

Inconsistency

It will be something of a surprise to find a new lease of life at inside left after spending so long on the wing. Frankly I cannot believe—based on last season's performances—that he has either the strength or stamina for the job. Physically things apart, I do not believe he has the soccer aptitude to make a success of the inside forward berth and unless South China are really scrapping the bottom of the barrel for forward talent I think he will be back on the wing before very long. The Caroline Hill side has had a brilliant run in recent years and maybe it is time for a change of name on the Colony's senior trophies, but I think any side that dares to underestimate the champions will still get a rude awakening. A great deal of early season attention will of course be centred on Kitchener. It has happened before yet in spite of a seemingly endless procession of big names the club has qualified for the trophy years to the title of the "Champion" of Hongkong football.

Time after time they have started a new season in a blaze of publicity and just as often their newly acquired big names have become big flops. Inconsistency has long been Kitchener's

biggest liability. One week they have turned in a creditable performance against star opposition and the next they have failed miserably when set the task of disposing of a mediocre side.

This year the Kitchener officials have really surprised themselves in the collection of important autographs and the team will almost certainly start the new season with eight new players in the line-up. If they fail to hit the high spots this time we shall begin to believe there is some sort of jinx on the club as far as extracting full value from established stars is concerned.

Control of the season's fortunes may rest with Tung Wah, K.M.B., and Police as the sides to beat if honours are to be won although the Buzen may be hard pressed to maintain their former high position with the depleted eleven they now have at their disposal. Only time will tell.

This week's "tale-wagger" concerns Mike Granger who was voted Hongkong's first Footballer of the Year in the China Mail's inaugural public poll.

The former Army and Colony goalkeeper had a pretty tough time last season as injury followed injury. Mike accepted it all as a normal hazard of his daring style and waited for his luck to change.

Now it has changed with a vengeance. In recent weeks he has been the subject of close scrutiny by Wolverhampton Wanderers and the brilliant display he gave a couple of weeks ago for York City against Swindon Town has apparently convinced The Wolves that Mike is the man for them. I first heard this story in private correspondence but now that it has been given considerable prominence in the United Kingdom press it can be told here. My... my... how we could do with a personality like Granger to brighten the current gloom in Hongkong football.

Australia

(Cont. from P 16)

Gary Chapman, Graham Hamilton, John Devitt 2m 24.5s. 4 x 100 metres relay, John Devitt, John Monckton, Terry Gathercole, Brian Wilkinson, 4m 14.2s. 4 x 110 yards medley John Devitt, John Monckton, Terry Gathercole, Brian Wilkinson, 4m 10.4s. 100 metres backstroke, John Monckton, 10.5s. 200 metres backstroke, John Monckton, 2m 19.4s. 100 yards breaststroke, Terry Gathercole, 1m 12.4s. 200 metres breaststroke, Terry Gathercole, 2m 39.5s.

Girls

100 metres freestyle, Dawn Fraser, 61.2s. 200 metres freestyle, and 220 yards freestyle, Dawn Fraser, 2m 14.7s. 440 yards freestyle, Lorraine Crapp, 4m 48.0s. 800 metres freestyle and 800 yards freestyle, Lisa Kornard, 10s 11.4s. 1500 metres freestyle, Lisa Kornard, 19m 25.7s. 4 x 100 metres relay, Dawn Fraser, Lorraine Crapp, Sandra Morgan, Faith Leach, 4m 21.1s. 4 x 110 yards relay, Dawn Fraser, Lorraine Crapp, Alya Colquhoun, Sandra Morgan, 4m 17.4s.—Australian News and Information Bureau.

Portsmouth And Brighton Are Biggest Rivals

By ARCHIE QUICK

The Battle of the South Coast Soccer towns has been joined. The biggest rivalry exists between Portsmouth and Brighton, one of whom has been relegated from the first division and the other promoted from the third to become direct antagonists in the second.

But Plymouth also have reached the second division, Southampton are challenging to follow them, and Bournemouth and Torquay are well placed in the third and fourth divisions respectively.

For 32 years Portsmouth, Cup winners and League Champions, were proud members of the first division, while Brighton languished without a break in the third division from the time of its formation in 1920. All that is altered now, and Brighton aspire to becoming the "Blackpool of the South"—in a football sense, of course.

BIG ATTRACTION

While Pompey are in the bottom places of division two, and draw average "gates" of less than 20,000, Brighton are on the crest of a wave, occupy a comfortable mid-table position, and attract 30,000 people to their home matches. Just recently they put fifty extra seats in their new stand, and they were snapped up at ten guineas a time within a few hours. A pleasant additional income of 500 guineas.

The aim of the Sussex club is to cover and have seating accommodation on three sides of the ground—the fourth side is restricted by Ancient Lights. Plymouth are equally ambitious. Manager Jack Taylor told me that the club's domestic troubles are over—for a while, anyhow—and they too have plans for improved accommodation at Home Park. "We have an eye to ourselves unaccompanied by any other League club, and the public are

supporting us loyally," he said. "Devon and Cornwall have not produced many leading footballers in the past, but they are coming along nicely now, and I actually have three locals in the senior eleven. That is something of a club record, I believe."

After a recent spell of disappointing play, Mr Rowley had the pluck to reshuffle his team, to the extent of eight positional changes, and the result has been two commendable away draws in four days.

"I have the players to do well," said Mr Rowley. "It is a question of fitting them in." One example of Jack's gamble: Gordon Fincham, the ex-Army pivot, was the recognised first team centre half, but Mr Rowley dropped him for a local named Roy Wyatt, and Wyatt played so well at Brighton that he completely blotted £13,000 centre forward Bill Curry, from Newcastle United, out of the game.



It's over! Christy O'Connor's last putt is down, and an over-joyed Dublin crowd cheer the new Master away from the 18th green after his record round of 66.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Jack Dempsey.
2. Ice.
3. Sam Snead.
4. Ron Barnet.
5. False. Britain has beaten New Zealand once—6-3 at Christchurch in 1930.
6. Prince Alexander Obolensky.
7. a) Lawn Tennis, b) Soccer, c) Diving.
8. Yes.
9. Neale Fraser and Rod Laver.
10. Sir Louis, Charles, Walcott, Marcano, Patterson, Johanson.

THE GAMBOLS . . . By Barry Appleby



ALY KHAN CAN TOP £100,000 MARK

By John Rickmann

London. Seven years ago—thanks largely to Tulyar—the Aga Khan, one of the greatest and most influential breeders of racehorses in history, won the record sum on the British Turf of £92,518.

Now his no less accomplished son Aly Khan looks like beating his father's record. The Aly Khan could top £100,000 in English and Irish prize money this year.

When Venture VII won Kempton Park's Imperial Produce Stakes £7,730 prize last Saturday in the famous chocolate and green colours, his owner's 1959 prize total went to £86,789.

The Aly Khan's Petite Etoile may take the Champion Stakes, and Venture VII can capture the Middle Park Stakes at Newmarket next month—that would add at least another £10,000.

MORE TO COME And there may be further prize to be acquired at Ascot and Newmarket this autumn.

Venture VII was very smoothly and his performance bore the stamp of class. The Harry Wragg-trained filly Extra Time had to be hard pushed to get to a length of him. She took time to warm up and was putting in her best work at the finish.

The winner is an own brother of Bulson Ardent, who won the Middle Park Stakes in 1955. It is not surprising that his brother may go for that race too. Looking to next year's classics, it may be instructive to recall that Bulson Ardent was third to Gilles de Rais and Chantelery in the 1958 2,000 Guineas.

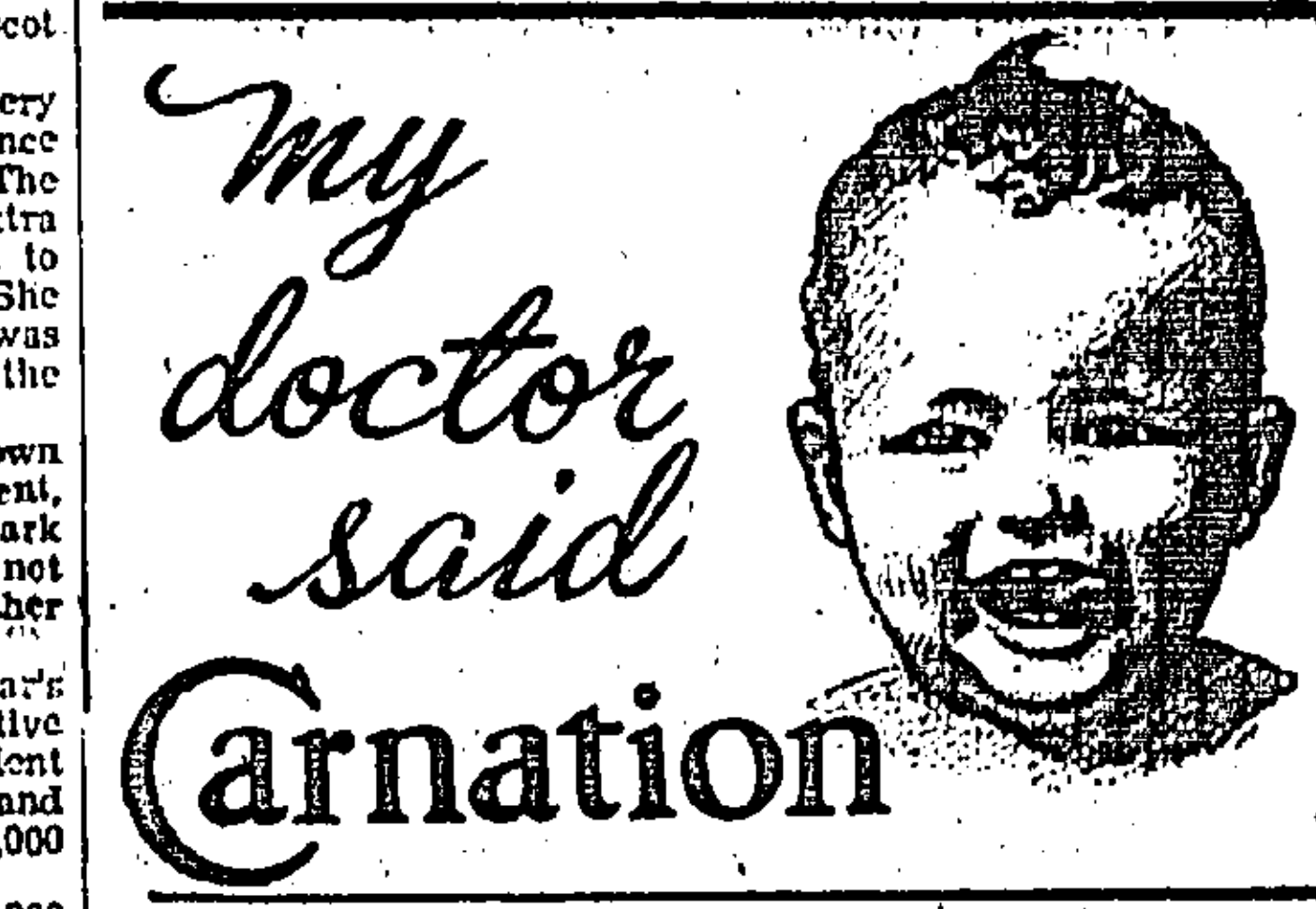
He then won the French 2,000 Guineas. All being well, these races will be Venture VII's objectives next year.

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CHINA MAIL

Page 18

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1959.

ANOTHER SHEAFFER'S ACHIEVEMENT
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Building Society Inquiry Ordered

GRAVE THREAT TO TORIES

London, Sept. 25. The Board of Trade today ordered a legal expert to conduct an inquiry into the affairs of Harry Jasper, director of some 400 companies who is involved in a financial scandal that threatens to become a major issue in Britain's General Elections.

Meanwhile, Scotland Yard Fraud Squad was continuing its investigation to determine under what conditions the State Building Society agreed to loan several million pounds representing the deposits of the small savers, to finance the speculation of Jasper and his German-born associate, Friedrich Grunwald.

A sum of nearly £4,000,000 is still owing the society whose activities have been temporarily suspended by the Registrar of building societies.

EXHAUSTED

Jasper has maintained that all his creditors will be repaid within 15 days of a month and that delays in payments are solely due to technical difficulties. Grunwald is in Israel reportedly suffering from nervous exhaustion.

The Labour Party has seized on the disclosure that savings of building society depositors have been used for financial speculation to press home its election campaign promises of tighter control of financial dealings and a tax on speculative profits.—AFP.

STEEL STRIKE NEGOTIATIONS BREAK DOWN

New York, Sept. 25. Negotiations in the 73-day-old steel strike collapsed today. Mr. David McDonald, President of the United Steelworkers' Union, declared: "We are going home."

No date was set for resumption of the talks, which began long

before the strike itself started on July 15. Mr. McDonald declared: "This farcical filibuster, on since May 5, has ended."

A filibuster is a protracted performance designed to make

progress on an issue impossible. The union leader said the talks would be resumed with the industry negotiators when the union received "an honest offer worthy of consideration by self-respecting steelworkers."—Reuter.

MRS K GOES TO A MUSEUM

Washington, Sept. 25. Mrs. N. S. Khrushchev, wife of the Soviet Premier, today paid an hour and a half visit to the National Museum here. She was accompanied by her daughters Irina and Julia, and by Mrs. Maria Petrovna Sholokhova, wife of the author of "And Quiet Flows the Don."

Mrs. Khrushchev paused for several minutes before Raphael's painting of the Virgin, "The Alba Madonna," which once belonged to the Russian czars. The painting was sold to American millionaire Andrew Mellon about 1927 when the Soviet Government disposed of numerous works of art in order to raise some foreign exchange. Before leaving the museum, Mrs. Khrushchev exclaimed: "What a remarkable collection!"

In signing the museum's guest book she wrote: "The pictures and sculpture that one sees here make a very great impression. What a magnificent museum."—AFP.

Answer to "Did It Really Happen?" is — YES.

King Baudouin To Partner Dai Rees

London, Sept. 25. King Baudouin of the Belgians will be partnered by Britain's Ryder Cup captain, Dai Rees, in the foursomes amateurs-professionals golf tournament at Gleneagles, Scotland next week.



"M. B. de Rethy"

London, Sept. 25. Magistrate Reginald Scott, who twice had advised parents of runaway children to spank them, yesterday reported that his 15-year-old son David had run away.—UPI.

Piglet Finds New Home

A 25-pound black piglet was found running around the garden of Air House, Repulse Bay Road yesterday evening and it caused the R.A.F. guard and a HKSPCA inspector an anxious 15 minutes while they tried to corner it. How the piglet found its way into the grounds of the Air Commodore's house remains a mystery for there are no farms or pigeries in the vicinity. The piglet will be sent to the Stanley Prison pig farm.

Factory Fire

A factory in a six-story block in Hungnam was severely damaged by fire early this morning. A Chinese man and woman were injured and taken to Kowloon Hospital. The fire broke out at 8.47 a.m. in the factory on the second floor of 20, Wing Kwong Street, Hungnam. It was extinguished half an hour later.

TERRY TROPHY

The Terry Trophy was won by the Hongkong Regiment at the Victoria Pool last night when they beat Land Forces 45-30 points. The Regiment has now won this swimming trophy on six occasions to Land Forces' three. Lady Bastyan presented the prizes.

FOUR KILLED BY TERRORISTS IN ALGERIA

Algiers, Sept. 25. Algerian terrorists in the town of Baraki raked a restaurant with machine-gun fire last night killing four persons and wounding another, it was learned today.

French General M. Costes and Colonel M. Debrasse left this morning for Baraki to direct military operations aimed at finding the terrorists, who fled after the attack.

An unknown number of terrorists attacked the restaurant from the doorway killing four persons, among them the proprietor's wife, and wounding critically a client who was taken to hospital.

The entire incident lasted less than one minute. The wounded man, Mr. Col-toli, was to be questioned by police in hopes of identifying the terrorists.—AFP.

Devore, Calif., Sept. 25. A local nudist camp has scheduled a re-run of a colour film titled "The Three Bares and Goldilocks."—UPI.

COMMERCIAL

11 a.m. Saturday Symphony; 12 noon. Lunchtime Variety; 1.30 p.m. Information Desk; 2. Open House; 3. Relaxation; 3.30 p.m. News; 4. The Brass Band; 5.45. Espanol; 6. The Circus Family; 7.30. Last Jazz; 8. The Circus Family; 9.30. Last Jazz; 10.30. The Circus Family; 11.30. Last Jazz; 12.30. The Circus Family; 1.30. Last Jazz; 2.30. The Circus Family; 3.30. Last Jazz; 4.30. The Circus Family; 5.30. Last Jazz; 6.30. The Circus Family; 7.30. Last Jazz; 8.30. The Circus Family; 9.30. Last Jazz; 10.30. The Circus Family; 11.30. Last Jazz; 12.30. The Circus Family; 1.30. Last Jazz; 2.30. The Circus Family; 3.30. Last Jazz; 4.30. The Circus Family; 5.30. Last Jazz; 6.30. The Circus Family; 7.30. Last Jazz; 8.30. The Circus Family; 9.30. Last Jazz; 10.30. The Circus Family; 11.30. Last Jazz; 12.30. The Circus Family; 1.30. Last Jazz; 2.30. The Circus Family; 3.30. Last Jazz; 4.30. The Circus Family; 5.30. Last Jazz; 6.30. The Circus Family; 7.30. Last Jazz; 8.30. The Circus Family; 9.30. 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